20 DEC 1932
MAD

A LITTLE GODDESS.

A Happy New Year to you!

20 DEC 1932
MADRAS

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VERSES

By H. Chattopadhyaya.

1. IN VISION'S HOUR

All things are lonely and austere
On vision's solitary height,
Each, in its individual sphere,
Kindling its separate light.

To seekers of the hidden Rose
Even the ordinary street
Demands, in silence while he goes,
Blood-homage of his feet.

Seeking is one long sacrifice
Which burns the heart with agonies,
The old inevitable price
Of heavenly ecstasies.

All things are lonely and sublime
In vision's solitary hour
When the blind unblown bud of time
Breaks to unfading flower.

2. DAWN AND NIGHT

Dawn was a silent heron and its beak
The sudden scarlet streak,
Picking up the last silver fish afar
Of the white morning star.

Night came, a leaping leopard swift and strange,
Across a mountain-range,
With countless spots upon its purple hide,
And one great wound beside.

3. GLIMPSE

Nay, do not tell me I must wait
To glimpse the city of the soul.
I will turn sentry and control
The traffic through its jewelled gate.

Out of this body I will build
The house of future beauty now,
Since time is His ascetic vow
Which through my labour is fulfilled.

THE HABIT OF CRITICISM

By N R. Krishnamma.

Criticism is often resorted to, as it is so easy to use it to fill up a carelessly thought-out speech or badly-planned essay. The habit of criticising thus grows and so I venture to put before you the following aspects of this habit.

TWO kinds of critics may be defined broadly, the man who is a mere fault-finder, and the man who has some thing fresh and practical to suggest in his criticism.

The first is perhaps the dissatisfied boy at home and becomes the dissatisfied student. He becomes more and more of a fault-finder as he sees that he gets an audience. He gets so much in the habit of picking holes that he does not pause to think or trouble to prove even to himself, what he can suggest to improve that which he is criticising. That discontented student grows up into a grumbler, ever anxious to fill a platform and, if he is not able to find that, to give vent to his platitudes in the columns of a paper. He has done nothing to improve what he has seen or to better what he has come across. He makes himself a bore and a nuisance to others, in fact a poisonous creature. The habit of fault-finding becomes so ingrained in him that he brings it to bear, not only on his enemies, but also on his friends and family. He becomes a social outcast.

The second kind of critic is the man, who has reasons for his criticism, and is the man we cannot do without. Suppose a man is allowed to go on his own way without any kind of criticism being levelled at him, then he too, like the first kind of critic, will become a bore and, however good his own attainments may be, is bound to stagnate unless something fresh and suggestive is brought to bear on him.

A favourite formula and a platform platitude is to say that all our educational systems in India are bad, examinations worse, and pass-lists worst. But will merely condemning them, as many of us are wont to do, improve our systems and better us? We cannot all be leaders and we have to train ourselves to become intelligent followers. There are our leaders in education, whom we must believe, if we are to be true followers. They are trying to keep pace with civilization and evolve better and better methods of education to suit the growing youth. We, amateurs, are inclined to be narrow in our outlook, and may not be in a position to consider and judge all the aspects of the problem of education. So, will our mere condemnation and fault-finding do any good to ourselves or to the cause of education? On the other hand, it will tend to have a reflex action on ourselves and we shall become so used to fault-finding that we shall not be able to study and equip ourselves

to become true followers, so that, when the time comes, the best of us may be chosen as leaders to further our cause.

Again, it is so easy to take up the subject of education that was in existence or is in being in some other country, and to say that, compared to it, our education is rotten to the core. However true that statement may be, does the fault-finding critic who makes that accusation consider and explain how that system of education, which he has so highly-eulogised, can be practically introduced and framed to improve ours?

Let me give an illustration. There may be certain members of a Literary Union, who think that the method of conducting meetings is bad, the choice of subjects worse and so on. Again, there may be others — a minority I hope—who, because all things are bad, will not even come to the meetings. Will this mere fault-finding and staying-away do any good to the Union? I think decidedly not, and on the other hand it will have a definite reflex action on ourselves, so that, even if we come to the meeting, we come with the object of picking holes rather than to hear and participate in what is going on and thus be in a position to frame practical suggestions for its improvement.

I can thus multiply illustrations to show that the mere fault-finding critic is a menace to all and more especially to himself.

But, you will accuse me of partiality and say that I do not want any one to find fault with anything anybody else is doing. Far from it; on the other hand I can confidently say that a Union will never improve unless its members study its many faults with the object of thinking out methods for its betterment. Practical suggestions for the selection of subjects, for conducting the meetings and so on will all be most welcome, if put on a constructive basis. Again, in my definition of the second kind of critic, I said I felt that a practical critic is most essential to all who are put in charge of a job of work. New ideas, new methods and new aspects of thinking are most essential, if that job of work is to be carried on more and more successfully. So, let the fault-finding critic pause to think, before he finds fault, whether he can also suggest remedies for the faults he finds. If he can find remedies, then he is the man we want to come forward and do his best to better that which he is interested in. If he cannot find practical remedies, it will be far better for him to keep still until he has studied and thought of practical suggestions to better that which he wants to criticise. Every one of us has a right to criticise. But do let us use that right circumspectly and with care. We shall naturally do so, if we remember that it is easy to condemn and easier still to get an admiring audience to hear such condemnations. But it is very difficult to evolve constructive methods of criticism.

I have tried to show that the habit of criticism, if used wisely and well, is a real benefit to the keen worker, but a menace to all and especially to the fault-finder himself, if used loosely and unwisely.

MRS. BESANT—WOMAN, EDUCATIONALIST AND SOCIAL REFORMER

By M. Hensman.

A great man has written: "A central serviceable purpose is the secret of abundant living. No man lives till he lives for something great"; and a poet has described a useful existence negatively in these lines:

> "Not without aim to go rouud,
> In an eddy of purposeless dust,
> Effort unmeaning and vain".

Mrs Besant has had many criticisms levelled at her during her life, but no one has ever dared to accuse her of being useless or meaningless. Her faults have been, if anything, due to over-enthusiasm and ceaseless activity. She personifies the abundant life and the purposeful effort; she is nothing if not forceful in her thought, emphatic in her expression, and an indefatigable exponent of the views she holds. She commands the admiration of men and women all over the world, who marvel at her greatness even when they cannot share her ideals.

The life of Mrs Besant seems to fall naturally into four great periods, each more or less complete in itself, but each depending on and enriching the other in a wonderful way. Up to 1898, she sought for a religion that would satisfy her cravings for truth and beauty—incidentally this led her into Socialism and out again. At the age of fifty-one, she specialised in Education, and from 1903 she devoted her great gift of persuasion and all her influence to a campaign of Social reform. After 1913, she gave up her life to politics, and to the Herculean task of translating her ideals into the substance of the Indian commonwealth. She is now in her 86th year, and, till three years ago, she was lecturing all over Europe and travelling at a speed that would make even young men faint and grow weary.

I would like to confine myself to three sides of her character, as Woman, Educationalist and Social reformer. To begin with, Mrs Besant is one of the most accomplished women who ever walked this earth. As a child, she cannot remember being taught to read and we know that, at the age of five, books were her principal source of amusement. As a girl, she learnt French and German, not only as languages to be acquired for the nonce, but as a means of enjoyment and as a door to the culture of other nations. As a middle-aged woman, after her fiftieth year, Mrs Besant learnt the languages that gave her the key to the hidden truths of the Vedas and other Eastern religious books. As an orator, Mrs Besant will never, surely, be surpassed. She never wrote out or prepared the wording of her lectures, and yet the sentences poured from her lips as they

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Dr. ANNIE BESANT,
who completed her 85th year on the 1st October 1932.

Miss Shanti Devi Saksena,

who has passed the High School examination this year. She is only 13 years and five months old.

Miss E. Bonjour. of Rajputana with her trophies. This year she won the Ladie's Singles and the Doubles Championship in the Western India Lawn Tennis Tournament.

Photos : *Intian Ne.)s Agency, Srirangam.*

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came from her heart, alive with feeling, grand and sonorous, full of appeal and human sympathy, full of a wisdom that impresses and inspires, when read years after they were uttered in speech grown cold in print.

As a girl, Mrs Besant was very enthusiastic about music, and studied it very earnestly. She says, "There was scarcely a sonata of Beethoven's that I did nct learn and scarcely a fugue of Bach's that I did not master".

She possessed a great imagination, and writes these words in her Autobiography, "I had a habit of losing myself so completely in a book that my name might be called in the room where I was, and I never hear it, so that I used to be blamed for wilfully hiding myself when I had simply been away in fairyland or lying trembling beneath some friendly cabbage leaf as a gaint went by". Unlike most people, Mrs Besant reveals her weaknesses to her friends. In her Autobiography she says, "I have ever been the queerest mixture of weakness and strength, and have paid heavily for the weakness... As the young mistress of a house, I was afraid of my servants, and would let careless work pass rather than bear the pain of reproving the ill-doer. When I have been lecturing and debating with no lack of spirit on the platform, I have preferred to go without what I wanted at the hotel rather than to ring and make the waiter fetch it; combative on the platform in defence of any cause I cared for, I shrink from quarrel or disapproval in the home, and am a coward at heart in private while a good fighter in public." In spite of this confession, she showed a tremendous strenth of purpose again and again, Referring to the time when, as a young woman alone in the world with a small child, she found herself severely tested, she says in a lecture in the Hall of Science on August 11th, 1889, "Many years have passed since, in a quiet country vicarage, I took a vow to be true to Truth all my life, and to follow her wherever she might lead me. On that first summer when she called me, I left home, social position, friends, and went out alone into the world with my child in my arms. Later, her cry came to me once more, demanding that last wealth of mine, and I laid then my child at her feet as I had laid all else, so that I might keep unstained the loyalty I had sworn to her. And for the rest of my life, as in its past, this one fealty I will keep unstained. If friendships fail me, they must fail; if human love leave me, it must go; so that I be true to the one truth I follow, and strive to do her service in the world in which I live. She may lead me to the desert, I will go after her; she may strip me of all love, I will cling still to her; and I ask for no better epitaph on my tombstone than this: 'She tried to follow truth'"

Mrs. Besant never thought much of her appearance and it is interesting to get a contemporary opinion on this subject. Olcott writes in his diary of September, 1889, the following words: "Her air was that of a woman of the toiling class, with her thick-laced boots, her skirts somewhat shortened to keep them tidy when trudging through the muddy streets of the East End, her red neckerchief of the true Socialist tinge, and her close-cut-hair—an Annie militant". And in another place he speaks of her as "So grand an orator". Again

George Bernard says of her, "Comedy was not her clue to life; she had a healthy sense of fun, but no truth came to her first as a joke".

As an Educationalist, Mrs. Besant was both idealistic and practical. She was one of the first to recognise the need for girls to be educated along lines that suited the sex and yet lay parellel to that bestowed on their brothers. At first, she had sought an absolute equality for women, but by 1898, she was convinced that they had different and special functions to fulfil. She says in this connection that woman enters life as a wife and mother, "Not as the rival and competitor of man in all forms of outside and public employment, as woman under different economic conditions is coming to be more and more in the West". She declares that the essential of a desirable training for Indian girls is a five-fold education,— religious and moral, so that the ideals of home-life and nation-hood might be the highest possible; literary, so that culture and general interest might be developed by the study of languages, history and geography; household knowledge, including hygiene, cookery and medicine; an artistic education, wherby music and needlework as well as the pencil and the brush might beautify the home; and, last but not least, that subject which is only now beginning to be included in the ordinary school curriculum, physical culture and healthy outdoor recreation. With these aims in view, she founded the Central Hindu Girl's School in 1904, and in 1906 she opened many other schools for women, and especially for the depressed classes, in many parts of the country. Many edncationalists have gifts of vision, but not of the practical details whereby these visions must be realised. Mrs. Besant combined the power to dream with the wealth of intelligence that could transform the finances at her disposal into solid bricks and mortar, and into endowments and a balance at the Bank. In 1913, through her instrumentality, the Theosophical Educational Trust was established as a registered body, resulting in the foundation and maintenance of the Madanapalle High School and College, the Adyar National College, the Women's College in Benares (1916), and a large number of Theosophist National Schools. Her experience as a teacher and as a member of the London School Board proved invaluable in her work for Indian education. She also edited text-books dealing with Hindu religious legends and kindred subjects; she was made a Doctor of Letters of the Benares Hindu University, and is the only non-Hindu by birth to sit on the governing body of that University.

As a Social reformer, Mrs Besant is too well known to need any comment here; if she had done this side of her work alone, she would have been counted one of the noblest of women; it is astonishing to note how her ideas on reform are applicable in theory as well as in practice. For instance, she had no power to pass such an Act as the Sarda bill, but she did more than any law could do to further this purpose, when she made the Central Hindu College in Benares exclude married boys from its lower classes from the very beginning; she went a step further later on when she doubled the fees for married students; and she made her ideal clear to the public when she finally

excluded married students altogether, as a protest against the early age at which girls became wives and mothers. She opposed child-marriage wherever she met it. She writes, "The future of India as a nation depends on the abolition of child-marriage amongst the people...... As long as that persists, there are certain inevitable conseqnences of lowered vitality, of the spread of nervous diseases, of premature old age, all of which you can see going on in the India of today".

Mrs. Besant worked hard to relieve the lot of widows, and she was always on the side of the outcast and the depressed. Once, in an address to Hindus, she said "You complain, and justly, of the harsh and rude manner often shown you by your English rulers, but are they one-hundredth part as insolent to you, as you are insolent to this race, whom you, in the past, brought under your yoke?" She tells how, in some of the schools, the first lesson had to be a bath, the next, washing the dirty cloth brought to school and changing it for a clean garment, and the last, that of wearing the clean cloth at home when it had been dried at the end of the school day. Years before the Poona Pact and the institution of fasts as a coercive measure for the unity of the Hindu community, Mrs. Besant began the war on untouchability by saying, "It seems to me, friends, that the steps we have to take now are steps which shall abolish the distinctions of caste which no longer represent realities." Here she expresses the truth that every reformer knows the sanction of custom and tradition for laws and ways of living that were necessary once upon a time, but have become, through the ages and owing to the further enlightenment of the race, useless excrescences without a meaning on the living religions of today. Mrs Besant opposes the colour-bar in every way, partly because she cannot understand the need for it, and partly because of the havoc it has wrought in the way of complexes in the less-favoured pigments of the world.

Most reformers like to keep their work in their own hands, and try to emphasise the value of what they do by keeping it to themselves, but Mrs. Besant knew that one individual, however gifted and however fortunate, can do little by herself, so she made haste to entrust the reforms she started to the capable hands of others, believing that the light of truth, though bright, should share its brightness with others. She instigated definite forms of propoganda. In 1906, she organised the Sons and the Daughters of India, indigenous associations, pledged to work for social reform. In 1912, there followed the Association of the Stalwarts, each member of which promised to dissociate himself from certain customs. One year later, this developed into an Order of the Brothers of Service, who bound themselves to disregard caste restrictions, not to marry their sons under 21 and their daughters under 17, to educate their wives and daughters, to promote the education of women in general, to oppose the seclusion of women, to ignore colour-distinctions and to abolish, so far as they could, the ostracism attendant on widow re-marriage.

Among the younger generation of India, Mrs. Besant worked powerfully through such organisations as the Boy

Scout Movement. Introducing it into the country in 1918, three years before she received the official sanction to do so, she worked for the building-up of individual character, and the welfare of the future leaders of India. She was appointed in 1921 Honorary Commissioner for all India of the United Boy Scout Association, and on November 1st, 1932, the decoration of the Badge of the Silver Wolf was forwarded to her by the Chief Scout, through H. E. the Viceroy, in recognition of her activities in connection with the Scout movement.

Finally in 1903, Mrs. Besant made this clear and unmistakeable statement of her ideals in her treatise "Education as a national duty". "India must be governed on the basis of Indian feelings, Indian traditions, Indian thoughts and ideas......I dream of a time when India, England, Australasia and Canada will all join hands in the making of a common empire, when India's children will bring their priceless treasures to the enriching of the Empire."

Mrs. Besant will stand high in the pages of history. A prolific writer, a most powerful and eloquent speaker, a mighty philosopher, a great educationalist, a far-sighted politician, a mighty philosopher, a clear thinker, a lover of men, women and little children, what man has been all this at any one time? What women can be more? As a person, Mrs. Besant has influenced the world, her life has been a great adventure, and she wears the tale of her years as a garland of flowers round her neck, fragrant with the things she has thought and done, or as a precious necklet of graded pearls, full of the lustre and beauty of the battles she has fought and won. Gallant and indomitable now as in her youth, may she be spared to many more years of loving and fruitful service in this world.

WAVES OF THE SEA

Race little wavelets
    Over the sand,
Laughing and running
    Away from the land.

Leap in the sunshine,
    Lurk in each beam,
Gambol and tumble,
    Sparkle and gleam!

Race on, little wavelets,
    Your life is not long,
Living in music.........
    Dying in song!

LELAND J. BERRY.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

1. UNTOUCHABILITY.

IF the Hindu mass mind is not yet prepared to banish untouchability root and branch, it must sacrifice me without the slightest hesitation. Do I not belong to that Hindu section, miscalled the superior class or caste Hindus, who have ground down to powder the so-called untouchables. I believe, if untouchability is really rooted out of Hinduism, it will not only purge Hinduism of a terrible blot, but its repercussion would be worldwide. My fight against untouchability is a fight against the impure in humanity." Such were the words with which Mahatma Gandhi was prepared to sacrifice his very life for the eradication of that social canker called "untouchability," whch has all these years been eating into the vitals of India's many millions. That any human being, with common sense and love for his fellow-beings, should encourrage such a custom as untouchability, is almost incomprehensible, except in India where it has happened. The original Hindu religion never encourraged "untouchability", as it is practised to-day. People were merely divided into various classes according to the work they did, even as the labourer in England belongs to a different class from the aristocrat. As Professor Radhakrishna says, "the four classes corresponded to the intellectual, militant, industrial and unskilled workers, who are the members of one organic whole. So early as the period of the Rigveda was the organic nature of society brought out by the metaphor of head, arms, trunk, and legs, answering to the four classes, which are bound by ties of common fellowship. Each class has its appropriate place, rights, and duties on the whole. Since all work is noble, caste pride and exclusiveness are not encouraged. Caste implies responsibilities and not rights." It was only in later times therefore that, due partly to the mis-interpretation of religious texts, such rigid prejudices crept up, as have led to the evil system of untouchability. But India awoke to the evil nearly a hundred years ago. Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the founder of the Brahma Samaj, and Swami Dayanand, the founder of the Arya Samaj, were the first reformers in this respect.

Mahatma Gandhi's historic fast now has completely wakened the country from its lethargic state; and it has all at once become evident to almost all reasonable people that the conduct of the higher castes in not coming into contact with the lower is indeed most barbarous and unreasonable. Mahatma Gandhi has suddenly made the millions of India realise that, whether rich or poor, whether low or high-born, we are all children of the same God, the God of love, who reigns over the whole world. Hence, many of our Indians are doing their utmost to eradicate untouchability, and unite India in one homogeneous whole, even

while a few are ridiculing Gandhi on his attitude. How appropriate is this determination to the spirit of Christianity, especially at this happy Christmas season, when before the world is held up the thought that Christ was born to teach the whole world, not only humility, but also love and sympathy with all man-kind. This is the season of "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men;" and can we, while remembering such a maxim, still aver that there is a certain section of our own countrymen who are not fit to mix with us?

Are Hindus alone, to be accused of keeping caste? Are there not a number of Christians who, in spite of their religion, which, as we have noted, teaches them a universal brotherhood, still boast of their good caste and refuse to move intimately with their brothers of lower classes. There are some, who refuse to eat in the houses of people belonging to a lower order than themselves, or to touch food cooked by non-caste servants. At wedding feasts, some caste Christians refuse to sit next to non-caste guests. I have known of a *Padre*, who refused to speak against caste in his Church, for fear of becoming unpopular, and I have seen a Roman Catholic Church where caste worshippers sit on one side, and non-caste worshippers on the other.

Where is the point of becoming a Christian, if one is going to keep up such prejudices? Why pretend to follow One, who gave His life for all mankind, and at the same time look down on our low-born neighbour? There is, of course, the barrier of sanitation and cleanliness, which should separate the richer and more leisured classes from the working people who, owing to their occupations, must necessarily be in a less clean state than the others. When this difficulty is overcome by health-reformers, there ought not to be the obstacles of birth, position or wealth, when it comes to the essentials of life. Then again, the barrier is advanced of culture and refinement, which, owing to the environment of ages, some of the lower classes have not possessed. There is a good deal in this argument, of course, as well as in that of the lack of education. But that again is for our reformers to change. It will take time for the lower classes to come up in this matter to the level of their more civilized brethren. But, before that full time comes, there must exist the spirit of willingness to take the risk of intermixing, with no reservation whatever. How can the millions of untouchables progress, if their more fortunate brothren do not take the trouble of personal tuition and guidance? It is only by generations of refined friendship, that the lower classes will progress to the higher level. Did not Brutus deplore the contrary fact in Julius Caesar, viz., the bringing down of noble minds to lower levels by association. The opposite fact also is true of raising the level. And even before that glorious time comes, much can be done in the way of intermingling even now. There is no need to go into details, for we have been reading all about this question in newspapers. The final question of course is one of inter-marriage; and here some happy exceptions have occured. All honour to such poineers, and may their number increse! Why should it not indeed? In spite of all arguments to the contrary, are not all people the children of the same Father?

All Indians, and especially women, have the great work before them of over-coming caste prejudices and barriers; and what better time can there be, as we said before than this happy Christmas-tide to make a resolution not to observe caste again. The New Year can then be opened with a joyous feeling that some great evil has been overcome and that a new era of unity and peace is to begin in India.

I shall close with a paragraph from an article in the Indian Social Reformer, written by Mr. C. Rajagopalachari and Babu Rajendra Prasad :—

" While the opening of temples is a far-reaching and important part of the programme for the abolition of untouchability, the strong opposition which we have to overcome in this part of the work should not make us forget another equally far-reaching and important branch of the programme, namely, the receiving of members of the so-called untouchable classes into dwelling-houses, on the same footing as members of other caste Hindus, when transacting business, or on occasions of festivity. In the distribution of betel leaves and nuts on festive occasions, members of these classes should not be disposed of on the road-side, but should be taken into the premises, as is done in the case of caste Hindus. The *pials*, verandahs and the reception rooms of dwelling-houses should not be barred to these people, when either in the ordinary course of business or on other social occasions they come to our houses. On all such occasions, the principle of action should be that they are as good Hindus as others and we should forget all about untouchability. Action can be taken on these lines by individuals for setting a good example, as well as to organise a mass attack on untouchability."

2. MIXED MARRIAGES IN INDIA

The writer of this thoughtful article in the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, rightly argues that the advisability or otherwise of mixed marriages cannot be concluded in generalised terms. The chief basis for this is the doctrine of individuality, the right of every individual to shape his own destiny, irrespective of the barriers of race, class or creed. The tolerant spirit of cosmopolitanism, which now obtains in modern youth, and the broadening process of improved geographical communications, are loosening the ties within small communities, as pointed out, and quite rightly too. Where mixed marriages are the result of love and mutual attraction, nothing can be said against them, except that the feeling should be a permanent one and not a mere passion. Where this is so, nothing else counts, and all difficulties in the way of happiness can be surmounted.

But the feeling has to be a strong one, else it is apt to be swamped in the opposition raised. As the authoress in question points out, "It appears that mixed marriages have as much, or as little chance of success, as marriages between members of the same group, provided the chief incentive of a marriage, the attraction of one individual for another, is present.

At the same time, however, and especially where the feeling is not a strong one, other factors have to be considered. The first is the duty due to the family and community, in other words to pride of race. Sir Phiroze

Sethna wrote thus about the Parsis: "We are a very small community on the face of the earth and we have been trying to preserve our individuality as best we can, but I doubt if this will be possible any longer, for unfortunately of late years there have been so many instances of Parsi men and women marrying outside the community". The same may be said perhaps of the Hindu community. Pride of race, tradition of caste and the tie of religion are obstacles to mixed marriages; and one has to think hard before one can ride roughshod over them. At the same time, it must be remembered that, if a nation is to advance, it must break through the narrow gate of orthodoxy and traditional custom. Even then, however, care must be taken not to be too hasty or drastic. In the case of mixed marriages, it is usually the feelings of old people which have to be humoured. At the same time, as Annette Alexander points out, the Hindu attitude is rather one of more toleration than of other communities. So, if care is taken to argue quietly, to reconcile antagonistic factors, and to adopt a tactful attitude, perhaps mixed marriages can be more successful.

Secondly, there should be a fixed determination not to allow social ostracism and opposition to break one; for there is bound to be much of such. "The individuals must be prepared to face loss of social status and possibily loss of their birth-right; they may well be cut off with the proverbial shilling. The community is powerful, since it can employ that dreaded weapon of coercion, namely social ostracism. Then too, not only the community at large, but the families also can make life extremely difficult for their recalcitrant members." If the couple prosposing to enter into a mixed marriage can make up their minds truly to face all such difficulties, then perhaps the factor of affection always present in families will, slowly but strongly, begin to work a reconcilation. For such a contingency, however, a rather humble and telerant, as well as a forgiving, attitude is necessary on the part of the couple. They will have to condone much and forget much, and they must always be open-hearted and ready, gently but firmly, to face arguments.

Thirdly, there is the question of similarity of thought. "In the case of those, who have been brought up in a similar environment, the marriage has every chance of triumphing over difficulties". But what about those who have lived among widely-differing customs and ideals? As Annette Alexander points out: "In marriages between East and West generally, success will depend largely on the extent to which the Western influence has penetrated beneath the surface". To this one can add the other side also, viz., where the Indian influence is paramount. This is why a mixed marriage is very successful, where the couple either make up their minds to live in the West, or where they become more or less Indianized in the East. But this argues the total giving-up of one's own tradition for another, in the case of one individual at least. I cannot think this is right; yet it has to be faced, where individual happiness is concerned. Better than all, therefore, is the alliance, where the happy couple feels so indebted each to the other that

a beautiful compromise can be effected. After all, is not the world-thought the same every-where beneath the surface? But, where such a thing cannot be done, there is always the danger of one of the couple somehow getting weary of the other, or at best of the other's environment.

Finally, there are the children to be concerned. How are they to be brought up? As Westerners or Easterners? Presumably I think, the best chance for them is the latter, for their colour will make it obvious that they cannot really belong to the Western races. After all, the Eastern races are much more cosmopolitan than Western races, for they can comprise all gradations of colour, which bespeak international mixtures; while the latter can only allow the slight variation from white, which allows of only continental mixture.

Therefore, what conclusion can we come to? A general one like this: Where true love is not in question, only those mixed marriages can be successful, where family pride and social opposition can be successfully endured, where different levels of thought can be carefully assimilated, and where the children can be happily brought up, so as to be of real service to the world.

3. DIVORCE:

It is interesting to note that the Government of Madras has been asked by the Government of India to elicit public opinion on the desirability of introducing Sir Hari Singh Gour's bill for allowing Hindu women to divorce their husbands under certain conditions. This extraordinarily big change naturally will meet with ridicule and scorn in most sections of Hindu society, where marriage, being a "sacrament as well as a civil contract," cannot be annulled. The same was affirmed in the New Testament by none other than Christ himself. Therefore, it naturally goes against the grain of every true Indian to talk about divorce. This looks all the more inviduous when divorce is thought necessary for only women. Of course, the argument is that men have other ways of escape, while women must stick to their homes and husbands.

It has been pointed out that divorce of a kind is allowed among the lower castes, who are thus more sensible than their brethern of a so-called higher order. In Baroda lately, an act was passed, which allowed divorce under certain conditions. In Madras, there has been some agitation about it.

Is divorce justifiable in India? It is too early yet to generalise on such a question, as regards public opinion. But, what about the principle itself? The marriage tie is such a strong one in India for women that the idea of breaking it seems a terrible one. Even after death, custom makes it binding. How then break it in life? How can the Hindu wife, who has been taught to look upon her husband as her god, divert her feelings to another individual? How can the *Pativrata* (the pure wife), whose proverbial chastity was such that it could even change the destiny of human lives, attach her wifehood to other than her lord? How can a Hiudu wife be constant to another husband than her first one, who should be her only one? Be it remembered also that the marriage tie holds strong,

even when men get other wives besides the first one. To the latter is, or ought to be, accorded the first place and the greatest respect as the senior wife.

I confess I am at sympathy with this feeling; but then I suppose there is no good in being two old-fashioned. The Hindu *Pativarata*, and the ancient Hindu chastity belong more or less to the old order, when women had no modern ideals to learn from. "But the old order changeth, yielding place to the new"; and, though there is much good that may be lost, there is much evil that must go also. With the weeds some of the good plants must go; with the bad, the innocent must suffer.

So, let us consider the point. In Hindu marriages, the wife has usually been forced, coerced, or coaxed into marrying her husband. Often there has been no chance for her to exercise her choice. The results in many cases are happy; but the fact remains that in many cases they are not. There are the cases where,

(1) The husband either deserts his wife, marries another, or couducts himself immorally;

(2) There exists incompatability of temparement;

(3) The wife or husband has been deaf, dumb, blind, lunatic or subject to some incurable disease, from the beginning;

(4) The wife or husband becomes subject to such troubles sometime after marriage;

(5) The wife or husband, from choice and love desires to marry another.

A woman, say the defenders of divorce, should be given the same privilege that a man has, of getting out of a hateful marriage. Certainly, that is correct. Why should she suffer when man need not? Where she has had, or has, no attachment whatever to a husband, who has absolutely no consideration for her, who has made her life a burden for her, who was originally subject to some incurable infirmity or another, it is hard for her to live with him. She has every right to leave him. But, what if the infirmity or disease has come after marriage through no fault of the man, who has been faithful to her? Can she repudiate him? No. She must stick to him in any case and look after him. And certainly, if she has loved him, or been attached to him, her devotion will not let her desert him, if she is worth the name of woman at all.

And here comes the question of self-control, for that, I think, should largely enter into the question of marriage; even when it involves the repudiation of the desire for marriage with another, when the first husband is alive. But then, say the reformers, what about that poor woman, who has been forced into an undesirable marriage? If she can find another man, who can make her happier, should she renounce him?

I think so; for I think that once married she is married. And this holds, even when she has a right to separate from her husband, as she has under circumstances mentioned above. Instead of wishing for dissolution of marriage, she can lodge a suit for judicial separation, or separate residence. Then, she can be faithful to her marriage, even while refusing to allow bad treatment from her husband.

Moreover where there are children, it becomes more or less imperative that no refuge should be sought by the woman in a second marriage; for there are very few cases in which a woman is allowed by her second husband to look after the children of her first husband as freely and as selflessly as she had done before.

The only excuse, which I feel there ought to be for a divorce and a second marriage, is when the woman has no other resource but that. If she finds herself absolutely destitute and helpless, it is certainly better for her to marry again than to take to devious ways of subsistance. But, I do not think the women of India on the whole will ever take this step. Public opinion, as well as traditional morality, will hold them back for a long time to come yet. Is it not a significant fact that so many widows in India have remained unmarried in spite of being allowed to? The same thing will happen with regard to divorce. And I say the women that thus hold back are golden women and the true *Pativratas* of India. This does not mean, of course, that those who do not hold back, are not true women of India. Far from it. They may be so. But, be it remembered that women in ancient India were divided into different grades, some of them good in their own way; but the best was the Padmini or the Lotus woman.

We want women, strong of soul yet lowly,
With that rare greatness both of nobleness;

Women, whose lives are pure, and clean and holy
The women whom, our land and brethren bless;

Brave, earnest women, helpful to each other
With finest scorn for all things low and mean.

The Ideal Woman.

SHISHU—VIBHAGA

(PRIMARY DEPARTMENT) AT SANTINIKETAN

By E. W. Arianayakam.

ONE of the distinguishing features of Santiniketan School is the organization of the residential life of the pupils on the basis of a self-governing community. This was in accordance with one of the many prophetic visions of the Poet.

To give the proper atmosphere and opportunity for a full and free life, teachers and students live as it were in a large happy family. The general life of the pupils outside class-hours is in the hands of the Student assembly, (Ashram Sammilani). In addition, they assist in keeping the Ashram grounds clean, in managing the kitchen, serving at table, attending on guests, helping the poor and needy, and nursing the sick. Work is divided into different departments and captains are elected at the monthly assembly meeting. Teachers are allowed to be present and take part as ordinary members, but have no vote.

One of the duties of the General captain elected by the Student assembly is to see that bells are rung at right intervals, starting from the rising bell at 4-45 A. M. right up to the retiring bell at 9-45 P. M. Accidents do take place, dislocating work and causing great inconvenience to the staff. But it is left to the Student assembly to enquire and take necessary steps that such accidents do not recur. There is every opportunity to gain first-hand experience by making mistakes and devising means to rectify them.

The Shishu-vibhaga is allowed to organize its own Shishu-Sammilani (Children's assembly) and function as an autonomous body. This assembly meets weekly. Its function is to organize the various extra curricular activities and look after the general welfare and interest of children, both resident and non-resident.

There are 67 children in this department, boys 38, girls 29. The provinces represented are :—Bombay, United Provinces, Behar, Madras, Punjaub and Bengal.

In keeping with the principle of self-government, the entire work is placed before the children at the beginning of every new term, and they are requested to assume full responsibility for carrying it out. The Assembly has divided the work under the following departments.

1. Personal cleanliness.
2. Keeping the residential quarters clean and beautiful.
3. Health.
4. Garden.
5. Care of birds and animals.
6. Games.
7. Correspondence.
8. Studies.
9. Upasana (Period of silence).
10. Excursions.

A captain is selected for each department. It is the duty of the Captain to organize his department and carry out its functions and present a written report at the weekly meetings. The President is elected at each meeting. After each report is read, sufficient time is allowed for discussion. Children of seven and eight get up with great confidence and criticise and offer helpful suggestions whenever necessary. It is encouraging to watch the growing interest taken in the discussions by even the very shy and timid children, and responsibilities cheerfully accepted. They soon learn the great lesson of each one doing his bit to make their corporate life happy and thoroughly enjoyable.

(Visvabharati News)

'As I conceive it, the aim of mental hygiene is to assist man to adjust himself to an ever-changing environment,' he declares. 'And since life is becoming more complex with ever increasing demands upon man's powers of adjustment, there never was a time in the history of the world when mental hygiene was more needed. We find evidences on every hand of the growing complexity of our civilization and of new problems that confront human beings. Since the organization of the human soul is for self-expression along creative lines—to seek individuality, as opposed to becoming a mere cog in a machine—we find that modern industry, by tending to mechanize workers, is creating great human problems. Again, through technological advance, industry is discovering that it can eliminate many workers hitherto essential for production. We are facing a time when there will be insufficient work to go round, when a five-day working week will be the rule rather than the exception. The question arises: Can our people employ leisure time in constructive, healthy ways? — DR. HINCKS, *Medical Director, Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene.*

"GOSSIP"

A ONE-ACT PLAY

By Padmini Satthianadhan.

Characters:—

Mrs. Jayaram.
Sarojini, (her daughter).
Mrs. Shiva Rao.
Ranjini, (her daughter).
Mrs. Prabhu.
Mr. Rajan, (Sarojini's fiance.)
Joseph, the butler.

GOSSIP.

A short play.

Scene:—Mrs. Jayaram's sitting-room.

(Mrs. Jayaram, an elderly Indian Christian woman of about fifty is seated on a settee with Mrs. Prabhu, a Hindu lady dressed in the orthodox Brahmin *Kornat* sari. Both are seriously engrossed in gossip.)

Mrs. Jayaram:—My dear Mrs. Prabhu, I am afraid she is going to paint the town red. She is out to make a splash.

Mrs. Prabhu:—Yes, what is our India coming to? Gone are our orthodox old-fashioned days, when our girls were kept in safe seclusion from the wickedness of this treacherous world. But we are thankful that there are still a few good women left, such as you, Mrs. Jayaram. You are indeed a good Christian.

Mrs. Jayaram:—I am only a quiet godly woman, Mrs. Prabhu. I do not try to become notorious, like my cousin Mrs. Shiva Rao, and her daughter.

Mrs. Prabhu:—Indeed, I think that young girl, Ranjini, is simply shocking.

Mrs. Jayaram:—Yes, I am extremely sorry to think that she belongs to our family. You know we have never had our family-name spoilt before. We have always been so respectable and blameless and old-fashioned. But Ranjini is a typical product of the modern age. She paints and powders most atrociously. She wears sleeveless blouses. She smokes cigarettes in public and dances with any man. She goes out without a chaperon, and flirts quite openly.

Mrs. Prabhu.—She is sure to bring disgrace on your family very soon. In fact, I called this morning to tell you something. I thought that it was my duty, as a neighbour of yours, to pass a certain rumour on. Is it true that Ranjini is engaged to that horrible man, Mr. Prasad? I heard she went out alone to the Cinema with him last night.

Mrs. Jayaram:—My dear, how disgusting? What will be the end of all this modernism? My dear husband agrees with me in everything. That is why I have been so strict with the bringing up of my own daughter. She is a good Chris-

tian, Mrs. Prabhu. She is religious and obedient and so open and frank. She is old-fashioned and still believes in caste and creed. But I do hope Ranjini is not engaged to Mr. Prasad. He does not belong to our caste, does he?

Mrs. Prabhu:—I can't say, Mrs. Jayaram; but you know, we Hindus have taken to you very much, because you are just like us in your views about caste. You never eat things cooked by non-caste people, and you never think of marrying your daughter to a non-caste man.

Mrs. Jayaram:—My dear, I would rather die than do that. We are too proud of our family and our name. (Looking at her watch) But it's time for tea. I don't wait for my husband usually, as he comes in late from office. Won't you have a cup?

Mrs. Prabhu:—No thank you, Mrs. Jayaram, it is fasting day today, and I haven't touched anything since early morning.

Mrs. Jayaram:—If you don't mind, then, I shall order tea for ourselves. (Calls loudly) *Boy*, get tea ready, and tell Missy to come down.

(Enter *Boy*, dressed in butler's clothes).

Boy:—Please Madam, Mrs. Shiva Rao's car is coming, Shall I bring four cups?

Mrs. Jayaram:—No, only three, Mrs. Prabhu won't have any.

(Exit *Boy*)

(Noise of car pulling up under the porch outside, and the bang of a car door. Enter Mrs. Shiva Rao, a fashionably-dressed woman of about 45).

Mrs. Jayaram:—My dear sister, how are you? Mrs. Prabhu and I have just been talking about you. You will have some tea, won't you?

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—Thank you, I would love a cup. I hope you were saying nice things about me. How do you do, Mrs. Prabhu? (Makes a *Namaskaram* to her).

Mrs. Prabhu:—Good evening, Mrs. Shiva Rao. We were just speaking well of you. What bad things can we possibly say about you or your lovely daughter?

Mrs. Jayaram:—I hear Ranjini went to the Cinema last night, sister. I never send my daughter to such low shows. They spoil the eyes and the morals.

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—You are very old-fashioned, Sita. I love the Cinema, and I also went with Ranjini and Mr. Prasad last night.

Mrs. Prabhu:—Oh, we heard that your daughter had gone alone with Mr. Prasad.

Mrs. Shiva Rao :— Rubbish and nonsense ! My daughter would never dream of doing such a thing. She dislikes Mr. Prasad. That's why she insisted on my going with them last night. You know Ranjini has good instincts. She knows when to trust a man and when not to.

Mrs. Jayaram :—I'm sure she does.

Mrs. Prabhu :—I'm afraid I must go now.

Mrs. Jayaram :— Oh, must you really ? Thank you so much for coming

Mrs. Prabhu :— My son has just returned from the hills and has brought some lovely fruit and vegetables. I'll bring some over here this evening, shall I ?

Mrs. Jayaram :—How kind of you, Mrs. Prabhu. I am going to a meeting,

but my daughter will be here. Do come in any time this evening. Goodbye, my dear.

Mrs. Prabhu :—(Rising and making a *Namaskaram* to the ladies) Goodbye Mrs. Shiva Rao, goodbye Mrs. Jayaram. (Exit).

Mrs. Jayaram :— Well, well, come and sit down, and let's have a cosy chat. (Mrs. Shiva Rao sits next to her on the settee. Enter *Boy* with sandwiches and cakes, which he places on a table and exit.) Isn't Mrs. Prabhu a funny old thing? So old-fashioned and stiff!

Mrs. Shiva Rao :— Yes, nothing will improve her. You know, she married off both her daughters when they were 11 and 10, just before the *Sarada Act* was passed.

Mrs. Jayaram :— Ha, ha, isn't it absolutely wicked the way these arranged marriages take place in India? I allow my daughter every freedom, but I know she will never displease me by marrying a man I don't like.

Mrs. Shiva Rao :— That's exactly how I have brought my daughter up. (Horn of car outside) Ah, there she somes. That's the horn of the *Bug* she's so fond of.

(Enter *Boy* with three cups of tea on a tray and milk and sugar. He shows the tray to Mrs. Shiva Rao).

Boy :—Please Madam, Missy very busy reading, saying she will have tea up-stairs.

Mrs. Jayaram :— Oh rubbish, tell her to come down at once.

(Enter Ranjini ultra-fashionably dressed, with lips painted scarlet)

Ranjini :—Hullo, hullo, hullo, here we are, all comfortable and cosy, drinking tea. Hullo, Joseph old boy, a cup of tea for me also. I'm dying of thirst.

Mrs. Jayaram :—Ranjini, don't be so familiar with my servants. They will get beyond themselves. (Exit *Boy*, smiling to himself).

Ranjini :—Fiddlesticks, aunt, servants are also human. (Goes to the table). Ha, here's something to eat. Cakes and sandwiches, but nothing Indian. Aunt, why don't you ever give us our own Indian sweets? You are so Anglicised.

Mrs. Jayaram :—My dear girl, what about your paint and your new fashions. I should like to know who's more Anglicised, you or I?

(Enter Sarojini, who is a pretty girl, simply dressed in a white cotton sari.)

Ranjini :—Hullo, dear old bean! How are you? I just rushed in to say *hullo* to you, and I found mother and aunt cosily talking gossip.

Mrs. Jayaram :—Certainly not; we were doing nothing of the sort.

Ranjini :—Oh, come, come, I bet you were pulling some poor soul to bits. We modern girls haven't time for gossip. Sarojini, for instance is, too busy reading, and I am too busy with my toilette to have time to talk of others. But our dear old ancestors?—you leave it to them to scandal-monger the whole world.

Mrs. Shiva Rao :—Hush, Ranjini, don't forget your manners.

Ranjini :—Oh, all right, mummy darling. By the way, have you heard the latest? It is being rumoured all over the town that I'm engaged to that wretched Mr. Prasad. Isn't it foul?

Mrs. Jayaram :— (Sacrastically) Well, my dear, that was to be expected. Yon have given enough room for such gossip. Now look at my daughter. I never allow her to be free with men,

with the result that she has a spotless name (Sarojini clears her throat and looks confused).

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—(Standing up angrily) What's to be expected Sita? Just because Mr. Prasad knew my son in England, and came to see us once or twice after his return to India, and took my daughter and me to the Cinema, you old people get together and gossip and gossip. I tell you, it is absolutely disgusting the way you spread scandal about with no truth behind it. It' a wretched shame......

Ranjini:—Steady mother, keep calm.

Mrs. Jayaram:—My dear sister, have you heard that proverb about casting the beam out of your own eye? Were you not critising Mrs. Prabhu a minute ago?

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—I was speaking the truth.

Ranjini:—(Holding her ears) Shoo! —don't argue any more, mother. I want another cup of tea. Here, Joseph, old bean, bring me another cup of tea. (Joseph enters with a tray and takes Ranjini's empty cup).

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—Oh, dear, it is time to go to that stupid mother's meeting. I loathe meetings, don't you, Sita?

Mrs. Jayaram:— I love them. What are we educated good Christians, here for if not to improve unfortunate beings who are not so fortunate as ourselves? I have to attend the same meeting, sister; will you take me with you?

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—Certainly, with the greatest pleasure. Shall we go? (Exit Mrs. Shiva Rao and Mrs. Jayaram.

(Ranjini goes and sits next to Sarojini and puts her arm around her).

Ranjini:—Why are you looking so unhappy, Saroj? What's the matter?

(Enter Joseph with tea) Now, go away Joseph, and don't interrupt us. Take all these things away soon (Takes cup of tea from him and he clears away tea-things and exit.)

Sarojini:—I'm not looking unhappy, am I, Ranjini?

Ranjini:—My dear, a blind man can see that you are on the verge of tears. What on earth has happened?

Sarojini:—Oh well, perhaps it will do me good to tell you. You know mother and father are so strict and old-fashioned, that they won't allow me to do a thing by myself. They gave me a good education, which filled me with a desire for freedom; but, even though I've finished all my studies, they won't let me carry out a single ambition, and I have to sit at home all day long and twiddle my thumbs, until some wealthy high-caste Christian condescends to propose to me. I tell you, it's disgusting the way both mother and father try to catch any eligible young man for me. They think marriage is the be-all and end-all of life. But the most terrible part is that I have fallen in love with a boy, who is neither high-caste nor rich. He is only a clerk drawing Rs. 90 a month. But we have been secretly engaged for two years, and we really love each other, and I feel I can't go on like this any longer, but must marry him soon. Then we can both work together and be happy, instead of my being miserable here, and pretending to be what I am not, before my nother's virtuous friends.

Ranjini :—If you are sure you love him, Saroj, I would advise you to marry him.

Sarojini :—Well, that's what I want to do, but I haven't the courage to face the storm. Mother would—(There is a knock at the door, and a man's voice says, 'May I come in?' Sarojini clutches her friend's arm.) That's him. Oh, I'm so glad he's come, because I've long wanted you to see him. Come in, Rajan.

(Enter Mr. Rajan, a tall handsome man dressed in a well-cut suit.)

Rajan:—I'm sorry to steal in like this, but I have been waiting out-side in the sun for ever so long hoping that you would be alone. I heard the old bird go out. (Places hat on table) You promised to stay in for me, didn't you, dear? (Goes up to Sarojini and tries to take her hand. Sarojini draws it away).

Sarojini :—You must not speak so disrespectfully of my mother, Rajan. By the way, this is my friend, Ranjini. This is Rajan, my fiancee. (There is a horn heard hooting outside; all three jump up and Ranjini runs to the window, and looks out).

Ranjini :—Mother and Aunt have returned. Rajan, quick, come and hide here (Pulls out settee, pushes him into the corner and pushes the settee back.) (Enter Mrs. Jayaram and Mrs. Shiva Rao)

Mrs. Jayaram :—My dear Sarojini, I left my purse behind. It is in my bureau up-stairs. Run and fetch it like a good girl. I promised the Rev. Premnath that I would pay my subscription today and I hate breaking my word. Hurry dear. (Exit Sarojini) Hullo, whose hat is that? Looks as if a man has been here

Ranjini :— Rubbish aunt, it's my hat. Didn't you see me bring it in?

Mrs. Jayaram :—Do you mean to say you wear a sun-topee? My dear, what are modern girls coming to?

Mrs. Shiva Rao :— Since when did you start this new habit, Ranjini? (Ranjini winks hard at her, and Mrs. Shiva Rao, seeing something is wrong, suddenly and discreetly keeps quiet).

Mrs. Jayaram:— (Sarcastically) Really, my dear, how secret your daughter is; fancy your not knowing that she wears a sun hat. Aa, ha! My daughter would never dream of keeping a thing like that secret from me. Oh dear, how long that girl is—it's getting so late.

(There is a sudden and loud sneeze from behind the settee, and Rajan is heard saying, 'Damn this dust.' All three start, and Mrs. Jayaram strides across and pulls aside the settee. Rajan is revealed crouching behind.)

Mrs Jayaram:— (Falling back on a chair) Good gracious, it's a man. What on earth is he doing here?

Rajan:— (Rising up and looking ridiculous) Yes, madam, it's only a man. Haven't you ever seen a man before?

Mrs Jayaram:—Not behind my sofa. How—

Ranjini:—(Stepping forward) Hush, hush everybody, he's a friend of mine. I didn't want you to see him, aunt, and so—(Enter Sarojini)

Sarojini:—I'm so sorry to be so long, but I coudn't—(Suddenly sees the situation and stands pale against the wall)

Rajan:—Miss Ranjini was just explaining that I was a friend of hers; bnt I think it is time we told the truth, Sarojini, don't you?

Mrs. Jayaram:—Good heavens, man, what do you mean?

Sarojini:—Simply this, mother, that this man and I have been engaged for the last two years, and mean to marry each other very soon.

Mrs. Jayaram:—What?

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—Heavens, what a sly puss!

(Ranjini walks across to Sarojini and puts her arm round her)

Sarojini:—Ranjini, you're a real friend, and I must thank you for trying to shield me. (Turns to her mother) Mother, I am going to speak the truth now. I have been a hypocrite and a liar all these days, because you, with your false ideals of what a Christian should be have made me frightened of you. You have raved against caste, in spite of pretending to follow the example of Christ. Your one ambition has been to marry me to a rich man, in spite of all your boasted simplicity. You and father have made me miserable all these years, and now, I'm going my own way. I'm going to marry this dear man. He is not rich, but he and I are going te work together and earn our livelihood. He is of a lower caste than us, accroding to your so-called class distinctions; but he is the one man for me in all the world, and so I'm going to marry him. I don't care...

(Mrs. Jayaram utters a low moan and faints).

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—Help, she has fainted; somebody bring water. (There is terrible confusion. Ranjini runs out and comes back with Joseph and a jug of water. They sprinkle it on Mrs. Jayaram. Enter Mrs. Prabhu.)

Mrs. Prabhu:—I've just brought the vegetables. (Stands petrified on beholding the scene) Good gracious, what on earth has happened? Is she dead?

Mrs. Shiva Rao:—(Leaving Mrs. Jayaram and coming forward) No, no, only fainted. I have some great news to tell you, Mrs. Prabhu. My cousin's virtuous daughter has been privately engaged to this gentlemen for the last two years. Ha, ha, isn't that great? And, (she comes near Mrs. Prabhu and whispers loudly) He's of a lower caste.

(Mrs. Jayaram moans and sits up, supported by Sarojini and Ranjini).

Mrs. Prabhu:— Good heavens! this is news indeed, and she was always so fond of running others down. Here's something to talk about at last.

(Curtain)

Though myriads stars adorn the ebon night
Its gloom it shall for e'er retain,
Till pearly dawn brings forth a greater light
And then night fades in glad refrain.

R. C.

THE ANNAMALAINAGAR LADIES' CLUB

It was with the idea of improving the social life of women, that I started the Ladies' Club at Annamalainagar three years ago.

I found that my Indian sisters here did not realise the importance of recreation and that they were quite satisfied to keep to their homes and children, without having any outside interests, even though life becomes so monotonous when each day succeeds the next with the same duties, cares and worries.

I felt, therefore, that something should be done, to bring new life into this atmosphere of sameness and monotony. With the kind help of Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar, who helped financially, I was enabled to equip our club with its own furniture, indoor games, crockery etc. and I must not forget to mention a portable gramophone which provides both Eastern and Western music and thus contributes greatly to our enjoyment at our monthly tea-parties.

Through the kind help of the Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University, I secured two large rooms, where we could meet regularly for indoor games, and the club was started on July 18th, 1929.

We started with just a handful, for our ladies had not yet realised the usefulness of a club! Most of the members were the wives of the professors and lecturers of the University, but we also had three ladies from Chidambaram, not connected with our University here. The members pay a small monthly subscription and each in turn is At Home to the club members once a month, thus having the opportunity of being hostess and of learning the art of entertaining. At these monthly socials, we have coffee and light refreshments, music and games. They have been a source of great enjoyment and have helped in bringing about a very friendly relationship among the members. I am glad to say that our club has gradually become more popular and the strength of our numbers has in consequence gradually increased.

On Friday, the 2nd September, we celebrated its 3rd anniversary and, after a group photo had been taken, the president gave a short account of the year's social activities. A short financial statement was read, and it was mentioned that two donations from the club funds had been made, one of Rs. 50 to the Deaf and Dumb School at San Thome Madras, and the other of Rs. 25 for the purchase of a cradle for the maternity ward of the Government Hospital at Chidambaram.

The following office-bearers were elected :—

President—Mrs. S. E. Ranganadhan,

Vice-President—Mrs. C. V. Srinivasachari,

Honorary Secretary—Mrs. Balakrishnan Nayar,

Honorary Treasurer—Mrs. M. O. Thomas,

Committee Members—Mrs. Sunderesan, Mrs. Chakravati, Mrs. B. V. N. Naidu, Mrs. C. S. Srinivasachari, Mrs. Zacharias and Mrs. Divien.

I can with confidence say that our club has indeed succeeded wonderfully in bringing together the members socially and creating a friendly atmosphere at Annamalainagar; and, with the continued hearty co-operation and good-will of its members, it is bound to become a living factor in our social life here.

L. R.

THE SECOND WIFE—A STORY

By N. Venkatapathy

"Never be a second wife", said Mrs. Kamala to her niece Lakshmi often. At that time Lakshmi was a young girl of twelve and was not able to understand what her aunt said. Now, after she was married to a widower, she understood clearly enough.

Mr. Attapetu Padmanabha Gopalasami, when a young man of twenty, had had liberal views for improving the status of women in his big community and had often spoken vehemently upon that subject among his friends and classmates, and even expressed the same at his college debating society. But, it had remained to be seen whether he would carry out his views into practice. After a successful college career, he had passed his B. A., and thereby attained rank among the worthies in his community. As a graduate, he had commanded a high value in the marriage market and his mother had selected a girl called Vanajakshi, the daughter of a well-placed man. Before the marriage was finally settled, she had asked the girl's father for the following things, in a very business-like manner:

(1) two thousands rupees down in cash,

(2) jewels for the girl for about a thousand rupees,

(3) silver vessels costing a hundred rupees,

(4) furniture worth about a hundred rupees.

The girl's father had willingly agreed to the terms and spent liberally in order to make the marriage of his only daughter a grand success. He had thanked his lucky stars for getting such a highly-qualified young man as his son-in-law, and had broken a hundred cocoanuts at the Vigneswarar temple as a thank-offering.

Vanajakshi was tolerably handsome. She was tall and robust and had curly hair. She dressed simply and at the same time fashionably, according to the latest style. If there could be a beauty competition among the girls in that community, surely Vanajakshi had the best chances of getting the first prize. Besides she had some accomplishments. She knew something of music, for she had been taught to play the violin. And she had read up to the second form and knew a bit of English.

Gopalasami's mother was congratulated by her relatives for having chosen the best girl in the community for her son.

But, after the, marriage, Gopalasami was quite helpless to act up to his theories. His mother stood in his way, whenever he wished to do anything for his wife. She was an orthodox woman of fifty years, and always kept her daughter-in-law under strict discipline. Yet, she had to her credit many good qualities. She was a good cook and a capable housekeeper, but she was very greedy. Gopalasami, a fine young man who had by this time risen to the position of a promising lawyer, had a high regard and affection for his mother and never liked to displease her in anything. But, he often felt that his wife deserved a certain amount of freedom and a few privileges. At times, he told his mother as much, but she said, "We were not given any freedom in our younger days, when we were under our mother-in-law. I think her lot is better when compared with ours.

"In what respects, mother ?" asked the son. "Why, she is allowed to enjoy a month's rest every year in her mother's house. Besides, there are two servants to help her in her household work. As such, there is absolutely no reason for her to be dissatisfied." Gopalasami laughed and kept quiet.

When he was a law-student, his father-in-law had promised to give him a gold wrist-watch, which till now he had not given. But his mother often reminded her daughter-in-law of it. "Vanajakshi, your husband's status is now such that a fine wrist-watch is absolutely necessary. I am sorry to say that your father has entirely forgotten about it." And Vanajakshi was always silent about it. And even when the old woman was sometimes rather rough with her, she yet kept quiet. On the whole, Vanajakshi was considered to be a dutiful daughter-in-law by all who had the opportunity of judging her qualities, yet her mother-in-law disliked her, probably because she bore no sons.

Six years after her marriage, Vanajakshi's father died, leaving only a small property to his big family. Yet her mother-in-law never forgot about the wrist-watch that had been promised to Gopalasami. Things indeed came to such a pass that Vanajakshi thought the wisest thing to do was to get the promised gift at any cost. She knew that it was unfair on her part to ask her widowed mother, and she also realised that she had been already given more than her proper share from her father's money. It became a big problem for her how to get the watch. Yet, in a month's time she had managed to procure a nice and attractive one and brought it to her mother-in-law and said, "Mother-in-law, here is the jewel. All say it is a nice one. It cost about fifty rupees." The old mother-in-law's face beamed with joy at the sight of it, and with an expression of great satisfaction she said "Such a thing is very necessary for a lawyer. You understood, don't you, Vanajakshi." Now, Vanajakshi was able to purchase some happiness in her husband's house.

But, after a married life of ten years, she died. Gopalasami's mother lost no time in selecting another wife for her worthy son. This time it was not an easy affair to get a rich girl, as her son's worth in the marriage market was considerably lowered by the three daughters he had had by his late wife.

In spite of it, the old lady was able to get a nice and gentle girl with a dowry of one thousand rupees, and that was due to her fine way of advertising her son's worth. The girl now chosen was Lakshmi and she was the daughter of a fairly well-to-do lawyer. Brought up in a comfortable style in her parents' house, she found considerable difficulty to be happy in her husband's house ; for, there was her mother-in-law who was rather a hard task-master. She only permitted her daughter-in-law to visit the temple once in a week, though Lakshmi liked to go at least twice. There, she had fine chances to meet her friends and spend a pleasant hour with them after a day's hard work. Whenever she came out to the window to have a book at the street for a diversion in her leisure-time, her mother-in-law would object and say, "We never came and stood at the window when we were your age. It is more profitable to spend your time in looking after the house-hold work". Then to manage her stepdaughters was too much for a girl of Lakshmi's age. At times, she felt it was quite necessary to punish them lightly, whenever they behaved badly, but her mother-in-law would not agree with her, for she loved those motherless children. The old lady often used to extol the virtues of her son's late wife, and Lakshmi wondered if there could really have been such a fine girl in that community.

Things were thus getting hard for Lakshmi and at times she felt sorry that she had been born a girl. Two years after her marriage, a son was born to her, which caused immense joy to her mother-in-law. The old lady thanked the many gods to whom she was often praying. After the birth of a son, Lakshmi had the unique honour of getting a few privileges for herself.

One of Lakshmi's great desires was to have a fine pair of diamond ear-rings; another was to learn English, a language which had a great fascination for her. She often requested her husband to help her; but, though he wished to do so, there was his mother who stood as a big obstacle in his way.

One fine morning, Gopalasami was talking with his mother after a comfortable breakfast. Then he introduced the subject of giving the required jewel to his wife, but the old lady replied without any hesitation, "Diamond ear-rings! At this stage! Surely it is too much for her to aspire to that! You see our neighbour, the manager's wife, is simply getting on with ordinary ruby ear-rings. And she was married twenty years ago. Hence, I am sorry I can't agree to your proposal". There was no other alternative for him but to keep quiet. But Gopalasami often felt that it was unfair on his part to refuse his wife's request after all her services to the family. She was a steady and sensible woman with no nonsense about her. She would never forget her position. Some people estimated Gopalasami a big fool for not giving his wife a few privileges and her legitimate rights, especially in the days when women were asserting their rights. Some, belonging to a different school of thought, called him a rogue.

One evening, having to travel on business, Gopalasami had to ask his wife to give him the trunk which had originally belonged to his late wife. So, Lakshmi went to his room, and opened the box to remove

the clothes from it. She also then took away the sheet of paper, which was spread at the bottom of the trunk, with the idea of using a new one. Under it, she found a nice, blue-coloured envelope addressed to Vanajakshi. Lakshmi removed the letter from the envelope out of curiosity and began to read it. She was surprised to see that it was a love-letter. She thought of destroying it after reading it. Just when she was about to finish it however, her husband entered the room to ask if the trunk was ready. She at once folded up the letter and tried to hide it in her jacket. He saw it and wondered what the letter contained.

"Let me have a look at it," he said.

"There is nothing in it. An old letter."

"Please let me see it."

"It is not worth reading."

"Anyhow, I like to read it"

It was too late for her to do any thing but give the letter to him with the greatest reluctance. So he began to read it. It ran thus; "My dearest.................Six months ago, when you met me at my house, I promised that I would not write to you. Till now I have kept my promise faithfully. I am now transferred from this place to Benapalli and I have to leave in a few days. Hence I am writing this letter. I must say that I have spent the happiest time in my life with you. I believe you are the most beautiful woman that I ever came across and I only wish I could get some more opportunities to meet you. You need not trouble to pay the cost of the wrist-watch. You may have it as a present from me. I can easily understand that it was only for the jewel that you cared to make friends with me. I wish I could give you some more presents, but my present financial position is rather poor. Farewell, my dearest Vanajakshi. I shall not miss an opportunity to meet you again. Let me hope for it soon.

Yours most lovingly,

Gopalasami stood like a statue. His wife left the room to look after her house-hold duties She was extremely sorry for not having torn that letter just a minute before he entered the room. She knew how badly he would feel about it. And he did feel bad; invariably so resourceful and so clear-headed, he felt in an utter state of confusion. He then began to think for himself in this manner, "So after all, my wife whom I thought to be an ideal woman, was carrying on with another man. I now clearly understand the reason for her doing so. It was unfair on the part of my mother to demand that wrist-watch, especially when her parents were in poor circumstances. I most foolishly kept quiet then. The wretched dowry system, especially in my community, is causing a good deal of trouble."

The next week, he withdrew money from his bank and purchased a pair of diamond ear-rings for his wife. He also engaged a lady to teach her English. He requested Lakshimi to keep the love-letter a secret. She did so faithfully, in grateful appreciation of his extraordinary kindness towards her.

Lakshmi's friends and relatives congratulated her on her good luck.

Resolutions of the Madras Annual Constituent Conference on Educational & Social Reform

Dr. (Mrs.) Muthulakshmi Reddi, proposing Lady Mirza M. Ismail to the chair, paid a tribute to her activities in the cause of women in Mysore and expressed gratification at her response to their invitation.

Miss Baker moved: this Conference reiterates its former resolutions urging the provision of increased facilities for Primary Education, and for the education of Muslim girls and women; strongly recommending the introduction of the Vernacular as the medium of instruction for Higher as well as for Primary Education.

Mrs. Kuriyan moved: this Conference reiterates the vital necessity for public parks and play-grounds for children in the city and gives its whole-hearted support to all schemes for the extension of physical education in all the schools and colleges of this Presidency.

Miss Brockway moved: this Conference reiterates its former resolutions, urging the need forre form in the Training of Teachers.

The need for a radical reformation of the methods of training, the desirability of increasing the number of training colleges for women and the importance of having specialised courses were emphasised.

Mrs. Ramaswami Sivan moved: this Conference strongly recommends the appointment of women on every committee and commission appointed by the Government in this Presidency, to represent the woman's point of view and to safeguard the interests of women.

This conference urges strongly that women representatives be sent to the League of Nations from India to represent the woman's point of view.

This Conference calls upon all public-spirited women in this Presidency to face open election for the Legislative Assembly, the Legislative Council and Local Bodies.

Other resolutions were:

This Conference reiterates its former resolutions, appealing to all concerned to remove the social disabilities of the so-called depressed classes and it urges the trustees of all temples in this Presidency and in the Indian States to throw open temples to all worshippers.

This Conference congratulates the Government and the Assembly on their firm stand by the Sarda Act.

This Conference reiterates its former resolution, urging the reform of marriage laws and equality in marital relationship in the Hindu community.

This Conference places on record its deep appreciation of the services of Rai Bahadur Harbilas Sarda for having taken up the question of the inheritance-rights of Hindu women.

This Conference gives its whole-hearted support to the Bill of Mr. A. B, Shetty to amend the Madras Children's Act of 1920.

This Conference urges the necesity for prohibiting the singing and dancing of Devadasis in temples and in public.

This Conference calls upon the Government to enforce the suppression of immoral traffic and appeals to the public to subscribe liberally towards the establishment of "Rescue Homes" in the Presidency.

This Conference reiterates its former resolution that, while placing on record its appreciation of the work already done, it calls for increased effort in the support of indigenous industries (Swadeshi), such as hand-spinning, weaving.

This Conference deplores the decision of the Geneva Conference to fix the age of Indian children for non industrial occupations at ten years and strongly recommends the immediate raising of the age to 12 years.

This Conference feels strongly the urgent need for the establishment of *creches* for the children of the labouring classes and it appeals to the public for generous support of the same.

This Conference again appeals to women to come forward as social workers in the cities and villages of South India.

This Conference reiterates its former resolution appealing to the public for the support of child-welfare, health-visiting and general health-propaganda throughout the Presidency.

This Conference urges upon the public their responsibility for the immediate establishment of a training centre for social workers.

THE SOLDIER

We shall not die, though in your crowded cities
Our feet will tread no more their pavements cold and gray ;
Life's symphony is mute, her laurels we
Have laid away.

We shall not die, though you may grieve for us,
For our frail bodies broken in your hour of need ;
Death's gentle hands have lulled us, but we dream
Of no earthly meed.

We shall not die, though we have forfeited
All claim to witness falling leaf and sunset sky,
Our dust blows o'er our unknown graves, yet we
Shall never die.

E. H. D'ALWIS,
Temple Rd., Colombo, Ceylon.

FASHION NOTES

How true is it that there is a psychology of cloths, as well as of mind. *Mea* in *The Illustrated Weekly of India* says: "Men as well as women are marred by clothes. There is nothing gives you more importance than the knowledge that you are well and correctly dressed. The psychological effect of clothes is the same or more, though perhaps they realise it in a different way. It is by no means confined to the wearer...A man or a woman's character is often assessed by the quality and style of the clothes they wear...Any person with the slightest insight into human nature will dress so as to create the desired impression... There is also the impression that is given by the amount of clothing that is worn and more particularly by the paucity of it......In talking of the psychology of clothes, we must not forget that the effect depends on what we are accustomed to behold. The effect will vary according to what happens to be the fashion in custom at any particular time or place and also according to our associations with any particular form of dress..............Clothes have played a greater part in the moral and social growth of the world than is generally credited to them."

Very wise observations indeed! How can we apply them to India? It was a fact at one time that Dame Fashion had not much rule in India, apart from the various methods of dress of the various races involved. But in modern days, as we know, fashion is rather to the fore, even in India. Take some different factors. Time was, when it was considered the fashion in well-to-do circles to wear the heaviest and the richest kind of sari, with loads of jewels, no matter what the occasion. Now, Western ideas have mixed in; and it is not considered *infra dig* for even a rich or high-placed woman to go about in cotton wear. Costumes are moreover being suited to the different parts of the day in which they are worn; and, except among the old-fashioned, one seldom sees a very rich costume except in the evenings. Then again, there are considerations of convenience, due largely to the fact that more women are taking part in business than before.

Again, there are the ideals of sport to be thought of; and sportswomen are learning to adopt a light kind of dress.

The heat and closeness of the climate also are beginning to be considered, whereas in the olden days the thickest sort of saris used to be worn at all times.

Then the *Swadeshi* ideas, which have largely come in, have made it more fashionable in some cases to wear cheap cotton *Khadder* drapery than the prettiest English materials, though of course expensive Swdeshi attire is available for rich people.

It is difficult to generalise, except to say that a sari does reveal the character of the wearer in a way. First there is the *kind* of sari worn. Is it Western or Indian in style? Is it suitable to the age, the physique and the

business of the wearer? Is it so rich as not to bear cleaning or is it washable, or at least cleanable? Is it so grand as to be too gorgeous and heavy, or is it just pretty and charming? Is it glaringly-bright, or soft-toned in colour? Is it flimsy and glittering, or is it quiet and rich? Is it artificial and largely-pretending to be what it is not, or is it just simple and naturally becoming to the wearer? It is a great pity that artificial saris are so coming into fashion now-a-days? *Kornat*, *Coimbatore*, *Benares*, *Karachi*, *Kollakal*, *Dharmawaram*, *Bangalore* and other styles, are, alas, being imitated in artificial styles, which are patronised, because they are cheap. Yet, the genuine ones are really being made very attractive in modern days. They can be made to order, in an infinite variety of colours and fashions, and in a lovely soft finish. It is a a sad thing in one way that the old deep Indian colours are not being favoured now, but those of a lighter kind, though it must be admitted that the latter are more suitable to dark complexions.

Then, there are the *borders* to be considered, for they are an essential part of the sari. Are they those which look best of all, viz., those woven into the sari? Or if sewn on, do they suit the material of the sari? Can they be washed with the sari, or must they be taken off each time the cloth is washed, which means an unnecessary waste of time and energy? Are they flimsy, tinselly and cheap, or of a good kind? I quite like the latest fashion in which the woven borders are of a different and apparently discordant colour to the sari itself, but which are really harmonised by the intervening lines and flowers of gold lace.

There is the question of the *suitability of the blouse* to the sari. Is the former of the same material as the latter, or, if different, does it tone in with the latter? Is the make of the former too Western or too frilly? A very pretty fashion, I think is that of wearing a blouse of a figured or jazzy material, carrying out the colour-scheme of the sari.

There is the method of *wearing* the sari. India has become very cosmopolitan, in that many styles are worn in one country alone. Bengali, Parsi, South Indian methods can be harmonised, sometimes prettily, sometimes with glaring discordance.

One must not forget the jewellery worn. It is sad to notice that in many communities Western methods have been adopted, and hence that most of the old indigenous manufactures have been discontinued. Of course, this was right where the jewels were heavy and unwieldy; yet it cannot be denied that many of the old Indian styles were of a most delicate and beautiful kind. Still, some of the modern ones are pretty, notably the thin golden bracelets of various kinds, which are now in fashion.

With regard to footwear, India is beginning to agree in avoiding stockings, and taking to sandals and *joothics*.

In conclusion, let me just mention what in my opinion is best to avoid in the dress of our women. Too much Westernizing too much artificiality too gorgeous an effect, too scanty a covering, too tight clothes, are not advisable in dignified and modest India.

SISTER SUSIE.

THE IDEAL WOMAN

H. Kaveri Bai.

An answer to my article on "The Ideal Women" comes from a not-much expected quarter. 'H's description of herself does not correspond in its fundamentals with the modern woman of my sketch. Whether my portrait is a true representation or a caricature, should be judged by reference to authorities, whom I shall duly quote.

Love of independence, the desire to look nice, and a little harmless recreation after a day of strenucus work,—can these be labelled as vices by any sane - thinking individual, when an inner force of self-restraint is the dominant factor throughout, to keep one within proper limits, and when the possessor is by nature strong in the instinct of the preservation of chastity and domestic happiness ?

My *modern* woman is she, who goes in for semi-nudity in costumes ; hides her natural looks with make-up ; injures her health by smoking; proposes to men in *Leap Year*; and plays loose with holy matrimony in the divorce courts.

Are not many of the world's leading society women the models whom the middle-class and working-class girls copy, familiar figures at Monte Carlo and other gambling centres, where fortunes are lost and won at a stroke; who adorn pictorial newspapers with their portraits as heroines of the world ! If cabarets and speak-easies could break out into human utterance, what tragedies would they not tell of the numbers of fallen women, decent young girls, who just sought a little fun and amusement within those walls !

The craze for fashion and the craze for thrills, combined with unfettered liberty to indulge in dangerous pastimes, have wrecked the lives of many an otherwise respectable young woman.

Men perhaps prefer the modern woman of 'H', to the 'Victorian Gem', and why not ? They may even prefer the giddy type of modern woman, since externals have an irresistible charm, while hidden strength of character appears almost despicable in comparison. But I do not know, whether all the men who exercise this preference stick to the women of their choice to the end of their joint lives, or seek the divorce courts for a dissolution of the marriage.

I would refer 'H' to the opinions of distinguished judges of juvenile and divorce courts in the West, and particularly to the works of Judge Lindsey and of Mr. Havelock Ellis, as to the condition of modern society in the U. S. A. and Europe, and the part played therein by the modern woman.

I do not know what man's opinions of modern woman are. Perhaps, men are more charitable towards our own sex than we ourselves are, except where their own sisters and daugthers and wives are concerned. But, if the skits and cartoons and rhymes on the costumes and cosmetics and ways of the

modern woman are a general index to to the masculine mind, then we have a whole crop of evidence, as to what modern man thinks of modern woman.

Virtue was no monopoly of the Victorian dame. There are domestic tragedies enough in all ages and countries, for any one not to be too much down upon the modern woman. In the Victorian age, severe public censure and rigid social etiquette were safeguards against reckless freedom, and women were not so helplessly exposed to danger as they are now. True virtue is not a product of artificial surroundings. It should be born of freedom and independence, and should spring under an inborn power of self-control.

Modern woman has overthrown man's dominion over her, but in the intoxication of her newly-won liberty, she seldom realizes the necessity for a moral check on her actions, and goes drifting like a rudderless vessel.

If the weight of public opinion can at least cause her to pause and investigate her own position, in order to furnish a reply to her critics, why should not those, who see danger and disruption ahead, lament the times that are changing the natural charms and graces of the feminine sex into grossness and vulgarity? The world will be an infinitely better place than now, when woman is man's guardian angel, and by her own subtle influence restrains his excesses; but, if once she begins to compete with him, nay sets the pace for him in weakness and vice, then whence is the saving power to come? If women will abandon their moral and spiritual guidance, to whom else will the rising generations look up for high ideals in the formation of character? Is society free from danger when countries, whose civilization is leading the world, show, according to unimpeachable authority, not less than 80% of the loose type of modern woman to 20% of the type of 'H'?

It is a pity, that so far no man has thought it worth while to express his opinions on this raging topic, but I am glad a gentleman has assured me of his contribution to the same very soon.

Miss Kaveri Bai takes the worst type of modern woman, as 'H' takes the best. But we really wish for remarks about the intermediate type, which may be as desirable as 'H's' modern woman. Why always take the extreme? After all, the extreme undesirable type is the exception in modern India. Yet, it is good undoubtedly to be warned about her.

~~We are~~ anxiously awaiting the contribution from "a gentleman" about this "raging topic."

Editor, I. L. M.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

1. THE SOCIAL SERVICE CONFERENCE.

Anandagiri, *Hill of Happiness*, is becoming increasingly a place of pilgrimage for girls and women who are anxious to equip themselves more thoroughly for the service of others in various ways; and, in learning how to

TWO PICTURES OF ANANDAGIRI AT OOTACAMUND.

20 DEC 1932
MADRAS

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Hasna Jehan Begum (Delicia Clark), the well-known Indian snake dancer who is performing in London, in an attractive pose.

(*By courtesy of* **The Illustrated Weekly of India.**)

bring increased happiness to others, they are finding it indeed a *hill of happiness* for themselves also.

During May of this year. a group of over forty people from very diverse places came together to study how to become more useful to their motherland through social service. They came from many centres in four different Provinces and two States of India, as well as from Britain, America and Europe.

There were Hindus, Parsees and Christians, yet all this diverse party made one happy family who shared without any distinction their life and study.

Anandagiri is situated on a beautiful hill-side in Ootacamund, with easy access to the quiet woods and breezy spaces of the top, and in the evening it lies bathed in the glory of the setting sun, whose light is reflected in the distant lake.

Tennis, badminton and other games make leisure hours pass pleasantly inside the compound, and further afield lie all the delights of Ootacamund.

The programme allowed time to enjoy the beauties of the surroundings, but during the hours of study thoughts were centred on the conditions of those who are denied the good things of this world. A lady, who has had 8 years experience among the mill-hands of Bombay Presidency, described their lives and working conditions and the group discussed measures needed to remedy them. Besides measures which need the action of Government or mill-owners, the group was shown what can be done by social workers, both full-time workers and voluntary helpers.

Practical instruction in printing and dyeing and in other handwork suitable to social centres was given by a skilled instructor, and many students are now the proud possessors of pillow-cases and table-clothes bearing a design stamped by themselves from dye which they had prepared.

Practical experience in the running of a play-centre was combined with lectures on this and other forms of work with children. Talks on the Settlement Movement of the West and the Ashrams of India were combined with such practical matters as diet and sex-education.

The need for religion in the personal life of the social worker to equip her for the difficulties that beset her path and the tremendous problems that confront her was a subject which produced much thought and discussion.

Many topics useful to the social worker found a place in the course, such as Co-operative Societies, Children's Courts, and Medical Inspection of Schools. Perhaps one of the most valuable parts of the whole course was the chance to exchange experiences. The head of a social training centre in Bombay was able to compare notes with one holding the same position in Calcutta. A voluntary social worker in one place found out what others were doing in other parts of the country along similar lines; while some, who had at first been perhaps more attracted by the prospect of seeing Ootacamund than by the desire to study social work, went back to the plains, enthused to serve their country as never before.

There is a widespread desire today to do social work, and the opportunities of becoming trained for it are very limited outside the bounds of the Infant Wel-

fare Society. For all other forms of Social Service there is little training available and many feel the need of some help and guidance if they are to do anything really worth while.

The summer course at Anandagiri is only in its beginnings, as this is but the third year it has been held, but it does provide at least an introduction to different forms of social service and to the principles which lie behind it It gives students the benefit of studying the achievements and methods of the West and also the best pieces of social work being done in the country, and as time goes on more and more specialized instruction will be possible.

The mere experience of members of different communities and races being together without distinction of caste or creed, and learning to understand one another better, is one whose value can hardly be over-emphasised in these days. It is also a rule of the Summer School that students and staff share in household duties and in the serving of meals, so that the dignity of labour is seen and understood as a personal experience.

The course is held annually at some period between April and June. All particulars can be obtained from the National Y. W. C. A., 134, Corporation Street, Calcutta.

I. W.

2. THE Y. W. C. A, AND SOCIAL SERVICE.

There are many smaller pieces of work which are more or less closely linked with the Y. W. C. A., or for which it is partly responsible in co-operation with other groups. Perhaps the most interesting of these are to be found in Oriental countries, where social work is in its infancy and where the full scope and powers of wemen in this respect have still to be discovered.

At Nagoya in Japan, a building was opened by the Y. W. C. A., not long ago, known as Tomo no Ie (the Friendly House) which was intended to be a centre of educational work for industrial girls. But the secretary in charge was soon faced with unexpected needs. "No one had foreseen when the house was opened," she wrote in a report last autumn, "that it would become the only refuge-centre for working women in the whole of the district. and that women and girls, homeless and unemployed, would be flocking in increased numbers to the large industrial city of Nagoya, looking for work, without money or place to stay in."

An interesting experiment was made last summer in a village near Nagoya with a Farm Nursery School, established at the request of the provincial authorities. At the busiest season for farming, from the middle of June to the middle of July, everyone works in the fields and, as the older children are still at school at that time, the care of the younger ones becomes a great problem. Volunteers carried out this piece of work under the direction of the two Y, W. C. A. secretaries, one Japanese and one American, who are in charge of Tomo no Ie. The village priest and his wife were most willing to co-operate and the temple was used for the school. At the end of the period of one month, the parents were not only grateful, but amazed at the change in their children and at what they had been taught in so short a time.

This year a Child Health Centre

has been opened in Nagoya itself by a group of graduates of the Women's University in Tokio.

Turning to India, we find an interesting Social Service Centre in Naigaum, an industrial quarter in Bombay. This Centre was originally planned by a Y. W. C. A. secretary; but the original idea that the Naigaum Centre should be Indian in character has always been kept in view, and it is from among Indian women that Committee members and staff, as well as volunteer helpers, have been chiefly drawn. The Nursery School at this Centre, under a trained teacher, meets a great need, as so many parents work daily in factories. A daily school offers the rudiments of education to young married women, who have never had any opportunity of learning, and who make persevering efforts to attend regularly in spite of the difficulty of sparing time from the care of their homes. A text book in Marathi, based on an improved system of teaching reading and writing, which had been used in Gujerat, was specially written for the Naigaum Centre, but has now been printed for wider use. Various other classes for women and clubs for children are held in the Centre, but some valuable work is also done in the *chawls*, or tenements, where the families live. Education in home-craft is given to a group of sixty older girls, whose rooms are visited every morning, so that their efforts to preserve standards of hygiene and order may be followed and encouraged. Yet another group in one *chawl* is made up of small children up to ten years old; they are not only trained in personal cleanliness and tidiness, which are made a condition for attendance. but are also taught simple and useful knowledge — about home nursing, for example — through play with dolls and action songs.

In Lahore, a school for children was opened not long ago by a Y. W. C. A. member, a trained kindergarten teacher. Servants' children attend in the early morning, the upper-class children later.

While direct work for those outside its actual membership is done by the Association in many cases where no other organisation is ready to undertake it, the aim of the Y. W. C. A. is most truly fulfilled by developing the social conscience of individual women and girls, and building up in them a sense of responsibility towards their neighbours and a readiness to serve in any field to which they are called by their circumstances and capacities.

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1). Our Serial Story.

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XX.

"Mother", said one of the boys, "not far from the gooseberry garden there is a weird-looking house. Except on one side, every window and doorway and ventilator is either blocked with bricks, or heavily screened with tarpaulin. The house itself is almost concealed by plantain trees and young cocoanuts, growing round the building close, as if meant to hide the house from view, exactly like the bushes and brambles in Sleeping Beauty's castle-

grounds. The compound wall runs round the house immediately outside the rows of trees, and its top which is on a level with the eaves bristles with bits of broken glass. It is such a dismal-looking place, mother, and the cow-herds say it is a haunted house."

"Much you know about haunted houses," remarked his mother. "Cow-herds are a silly, superstitious lot."

"No, aunty," interrupted Anand. "If you see that house, you will believe the cow-herds."

Rukmini and Seeta visibly shuddered and asked whether no living mortals were even seen in it. Bala replied that once they had caught a glimpse of a young man in spectacles and a pretty lady, but that he doubted whether they were people of flesh and blood. Mrs. Vikram thought otherwise. If two young people were seen in such a mysterious house, that fact was in itself a revelation of the mystery, the cause for which was iniquitously laid at the door of the poor ghosts. However, she said to them,

"If one can see nothing but the roof of the house according to your description, how were the people visible?"

"We climbed a tall mango-tree near the house, mother. The cow-herds were watching the people from there and called us to share the fun with them. I saw that one side of the house was a little open."

His mother replied, that it might be a fancy after all, but rated the boys soundly for climbing trees and for being so inquisitive. Then the children dispersed, Vasant and his sisters clinging to the boys to hear more stories of the haunted house.

Mohun told frightful stories of the spirits. Most of them were quite original and the rest highly-coloured in the process of narration, with a view to heighten the effect of horror. His sisters and brother worked themselves into a state of frenzy, till every object in the growing shades of the evening appeared like a ghost. Still thinking of ghosts and spirits, the children went to bed.

At dead of night Seeta woke up with a start and opened her eyes. All were sound asleep. A bed-room lamp was burning dimly in one of the rooms and cast an uncertain light into the long room. Seeta unfortunately rested her eyes on the window opposite to her and at once felt that her last hour had come. The grey cat with green eyes that hunted the birds in the garden was squeezing itself through the bars to jump into the room. The dubious light, Seeta's morbid mind and her sleepy eyes converted the cat into a ghost. A cry like that, which may be uttered by one in whose breast the murderer's dagger is planted, chilled and freezed the others; Rukmini sleeping in the same bed screamed with all her might and soon everybody was howling. Mrs. Vikram, whose first idea was that a cobra might have bitten one of the children, added her voice in a wail. Mohun tumbled on to the floor from his cot in fright. Echo upon echo reverberated, and Dr. Vikram was a sight to see when he burst into the room with a bed-room lamp in one hand and a stout club in the other. No one could explain what was wrong, and nothing was found amiss, By and by Seeta had the courage to confess her own unreasonable fright.

The poor cat, scared out of its wits by the hideous alarm, had dashed out of the room. The servants and neighbours, expecting to see a murder, battered and thundered at the doors. Dr. Vikram had to tell them the silly tale.

"In my hurry to rise and rush into their room, I tumbled down, father," said Mohun, as everybody was still laughing.

"I did not so much as raise my voice," declared Vasant in philosophic gravity and was called a plucky boy.

The next evening the boys told the younger children that the ghost of the haunted house, who went abroad when the moon shone bright, would begin his nightly excursion that same night. They bade the youngsters keep close to the house and watch him striding along, for the spectre was reputed to be extraordinarily tall. The children generally played in the compound till nine o'clock on moonlight nights, so that on this particular occasion neither parent suspected anything unusual in the nature of the games.

The two sisters and Vasant took their stand near the gate, which opened on the *maidan*. Vasant, observing his brother and cousins making towards the gooseberry garden wanted to know whither they were bound.

"We are going to take a closer look at the ghost," Anand replied.

"Then let me come with you too," pleaded the boy. "I am not so much afraid of the ghost as the girls are."

"No, no, that won't do," ruled out Mohun, "You are a small boy and must stay near the house. Ghosts have no liking for little fellows".

"The ground is full of thorns. How are you going to accompany us, when a broom-spike frightens you?" asked Bala.

Vasant was mortally afraid of anything that hurt his skin and flesh, and as he trotted a few steps after the boys he stepped on the stump of a dead weed and that settled him once and for all. Still intent upon watching the boys, he struck a little to the right instead of turning round to return to his sisters, and edged towards a ditch where he stood upon a heap of sand thrown up from the excavations for the banks of the ditch. All stood motionless, gazing without a wink of the eye towards the mysterious house, as the moon shone through the clouds.

Contrary to all expectations, the girls sighted a monster stealing from behind Malati Bhavan. They were speechless with horror for a second, during which they observed that it was a gigantic form all in black and with a face so hideously frightful as to freeze the blood in their veins. This object with a strange gait was approaching Vasant from behind him.

"Vasant, come away," shrieked the girls in terror, and hoping he would follow them ran trembling and breathless into the house.

Vasant did not at once heed his sister's calls, but suddenly he heard behind him a sound like the growl of a bear. Turning round, he saw the ghost towering over him, black and with the face of a fiend. With one start he stepped back, tumbled into the ditch and knew no more.

"Oh, my brother, my poor brother," a piercing cry of anguish broke from Mohun's lips, as he felt ice strike into his heart. His eyes swam and his brain

reeled and everything in the broad moonlight became suddenly dark He jumped down from his stilts and flung them away, and, shaking off the negro-mask and his father's black cloak, in which guise he had played the part of the ghost, little dreaming of the price he was to pay for the amusement of one thoughtless hour, he descended into the pit.

Rukmini and Seeta, quaking with fear, were trying in incoherent language to convince their parents that they had surely seen the ghost of the haunted house. There was something worth knowing, thought Dr. Vikram, from the way the girls were behaving, and he set about to see what it was. Almost at the same moment, everybody's hearts sank within them to see Mohun enter the house with the unconscious form of his brother in his arms and sobbing as if his heart would break. Mrs. Vikram uttered a loud cry and ran forward to take her child. The girls fell into hysterics and the usually merry house became as the house of the dead.

H. KAVERI BAI.

(To be continued.)

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Christmas has come again, and another year is approaching its end. How soon time flies! Only last year, we were making up our minds to follow New Year resolutions, to "Ring out the old and ring in the new," to overcome all our faults, and change our characters for the better; and now, already, the year which we started with such bright hopes has come to an end, and we suddenly discover that the months have flown by, and that, in spite of all our resolutions, we have done nothing. But then, what if another year has come to an end? We surely have yet a new one beginning. The rosy future is still before us, and life is full of hope and joy. Instead, therefore, of looking back at the past, there is always something to look forward to in the future. New resolutions to be made, new hopes to be looked forward to, and new ambitions to be achieved. I once read a poem by Rudyard Kipling, in which he talks of time rolling on, and of all things rising and falling, and of how each thing, during its lifetime, thinks of nothing but its present life, just as the daffodil lives for a few days, proudly holding up its head for all the world to see, and indifferent of the fact that soon it will wither and die.

I always feel that it is so fortunate for us that Christmas comes just before New Year. Christianity is essentially a religion of hope and joy, and the fact, that Christ was born to bring peace and good-will to all mankind, always makes us start the year with renewed hope and vigour.

"Then may we hope, the Angelic hosts among, to sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song. He that was born upon this joyful day, around us all his glory shall display; saved by his love, incessant we shall sing eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King."

And now, talking about hope, I wonder if you are all familiar with Watt's wonderful picture of Hope. I am sure you must all know it, because I have seen prints of it in many Indian homes. "The picture does not need a title. The young girl with the bandaged eyes gracefully sitting on the world

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MADRAS

CHILDREN

When the voices of children are heard on the
And laughing is heard on the hill, [green
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything is still.
"Then come home, my children, the sun is
And the dews of night arise; [gone down
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky, the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep."
"Well, well, go and play till the light fades
And then go home to bed." [away
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and
And all the hills echoed. [laughed

WILLIAM BLAKE.

reveals with what intensity she is listening. The lyre which she holds with her left hand has but one string remaining, all the others are broken and floating on the breeze; but the single string vibrates still, and, in the mysterious half-light, to the woman who cannot see the infinite space around, that sound is the whole of life."

What a wonderful artist Watts was! The motto of his whole life was, "For Art and Country." Is this not a good motto for us to have? So few of us think of the beauty all around us. It is up to every one of us, Indians, to work for our country, and to raise its standards of Art and Beauty. The products of the ancient civilisation of India were wonderful, and now, after many years of lassitude, we are suddenly awakening again, and the renaissance of Indian Art is now under full sway. It is up to every one of us, no matter how young we are, to appreciate beauty, for "a thing of Beauty is a joy for ever." Let us then make it one of our New year resolutions to devote a part of our busy lives "to Art and Country," and let us begin the coming year with the hope that, in this time of trouble and stress, each one of us will do our utmost to help the progress of our wonderful land.

Yours sincerely
PADMINI

3. THE SETTING SUN.

By T. M. Krishnamurthi.
Aged 15

The Western firmament, yon far-off waves—
The ship, the sails, are all aglow!
The ball of fire, in the ethereal sky, paves
The path for the mystic chasm below!

The clouds are robed in colour bright,
Ready to wish their lord farewell —
The dark blue Ocean mirrors the Light;
How ecstatic——too hard to tell!

The waves are rough: they rise, they leap
As if they crave for the Divine kiss —
Of the fiery object, above the ocean, deep—
And quench the Holy Fire, a heavenly bliss!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

• What are the favourite colours used for the home in India? As far as I have seen, I think saxe-blue is very popular. So many of our Indian sitting rooms have saxe blue as the predominating colour. The curtains, cushions and carpets are blue, and very often the upholstery is also blue. No doubt, the effect of a blue room is very charming; but I read in The *Madras Mail* the other day that blue is a very difficult colour. "It is a cold colour and may make a room depressingly chilling to visitors. If a blue room is desired, remember that cream or *beige* for the woodwork, and fawn for the carpet

make the blue room look warmer than a combination of blue walls and white woodwork." In India, blue and yellow, or blue and deep orange, are a very good combination indeed, because the yellow or orange helps to take away the dullness of the blue, whereas the blue helps to tone down the glare of the bright tropical sun.

Red is also another favourite colour in India, and very often, when one drives out at nights, one sees cosy rooms lighted a dull red ; but it is wiser not to use red, as it is a hard colour, and is not good for the eyes.

Green is hardly ever used in India, and still, how pretty a jade-green room will look ! Not only will it be restful to the eyes, but also very soft and pleasing. "Many attractive schemes may be carried out almost entirely in green," says the same paper quoted above. "This is a pleasing, restful and cool colour. It is easily used for interiors, because some shades of green can be found to harmonise with any other favoured colour."

Purple is not a favoured colour, and yet, purple and gold will look very charming indeed. The gold will help to take away some of the dignity and regal appearance of the purple.

It is needless for me to go into the details of any more colour schemes, as each mistress of a house should work out her own designs. It is surprising however, that such few Indian housewives take the trouble to think of definite colour-schemes for their rooms, when effective decorations can be achieved so easily.

"PADDY."

NEEDLE-WORK NOTES

A hot water jug-cover and an egg cosy

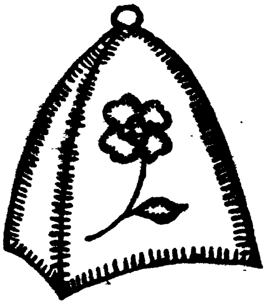

FIG 1.

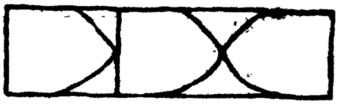

FIG 2.

A quarter yard of white ironing blanket 1 yard wide, and some pretty wool are all that are required to make this very useful and artistic cover, as in Fig 1. Cut the material as shown in Fig 2, each piece 9 inches at the base and 12 inches at the top. Blanket-stitch each of these all round and then crochet them together with double crochet stitch, to form the cosy; crochet a loop on the top. With the small pieces of material, cut one leaf and as many petals as you can to form a rose. Blanket-stitch each of these all round and sew on securely. Ironing blanket stuff also makes very charming little egg-cosies, if cut to the same design, 2½ inches at the base and 4½ inches at top. Make in the same way, using bright yellow wool and working a chicken on one side.

P. B. PURUSHOTTAM.

MUSIC NOTES

BANKS OF LEEDS.

The child's first approach to the piano is important in many ways. The subject of prime importance is that the child should not be led to regard the practice and study, consequent upon learning to play, as drudgery. One way of successfully avoiding this is to choose a pianoforte tutor of interesting and yet practical proportions. Banks' *New Piano Tutor* is the golden gateway to music. Right from the leading illustration of the whole pianoforte keyboard, with the naming of the keys and their relative positions on the stave, to the tiny excursions into melody in the middle of the book, and from there on to the more mature compositions of Czerny, Bertini and Mozart, interest never flags. The book finishes up with a suitable series of scales, and a comprehensive dictionary of Italian and other musical terms. George H. Farnell's *Book of Scales and Arpeggios* is about the most useful manual I have found for the full development of scale fingering. It should prove invaluable to the pupil who is preparing for examinations. H. Chisholm Jackson presents us with a remarkably good descriptive piece for the piano, *The Old Abbey*. It presents no difficulties, but calls for calm precise handling; otherwise its effect will be ruined. There is something about Francois Lamoury's Intermezzo, *Freya*, that is attractive, perhaps it is its stately old English style that appeals most to one. For a sheer piece of pianistic fun, Georg Marcel's *Jolly Tars* is first-rate. For an ambitious young pianist I cannot imagine a more engaging piece of music. *Princess Beauty*, an Intermezzo by the same composer, is dainty and appealing, but requires careful playing in the staccato passages. The new coloured covers on Banks' Sixpenny Edition of pianoforte music are most attractive in every way. *Nursery, Rhymes*, containing thirty-eight old-fashioned tunes with their words, is a bright little book of music to place in the hands of small piano pupils. *Morganblatter* by Strauss, *The Misere Scene* from Verdi's *IL Trovatore Military March* by Franz Schubert, *Traumeri* by Robert Schumann, and *Melodie D'Amour* by Engelmann, are a few of the amazingly good things offered to us in the sixpenny edition.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, LTD.

Ernest Austin is too well known for me to need to dwell long upon his works. It is sufficient to say that his new suite of pianoforte pieces issued in two books, each under the title of *Meadow Voices*, is Ernest Austin at his best. *Three Short Pieces* for violin and piano by William Allwyn are full of delicate phrasing and simplicity of style. *From Tropic Seas*, a suite for the piano by Edgar L. Bainton, is an ambitious piece of work. The suite is composed of five pieces, each of moderate difficulty as regards phrasing and rhythm. The *Gateway to the Classics* series, edited by Ronald Chamberlain, bring forth many old favourites in a rather new light. Volume one is devoted solely to Chopin and contains among others his tuneful *Mazurka* in A Minor, Op. 68. No. 2. and the dizzy *Valse* in Db Major, Op. 64, No. 1. The Second volume is a comprehensive one, containing representative works by Purcell, Couperin (1668-1733), Bach, Rameau (1683-1764), Handel, Hadyn, Mozart and Beethoven. Edgar Moy's first book of eight preliminary pieces *For Fiddlers* are very simple and should prove ideal material for younger violinists.

BOOSEY & Co.,

Aubrey Winter has used excerpts from no less than nineteen famous compositions in compiling his latest publication, *The Golden Valse*. Such well-known pieces as *Donau Wellen* by

Ivanovici, Weber's *Invitation to the Valse*, *Fledermaus* by Strauss, Lotter's *L'Heure Supreme* and the popular Strauss number *Wine Women and Song* appear in its pages. Wilfred Sanderson has set some remarkably fine music to Helen Taylor's appealing poem, *The Laughing Cavalier.* A robust singer and a precise accompanist could make a really fine show with such material as this song affords. Two more songs from the same pen are quite as attractive in their respective spheres; they are *A Bonny Ship* and *Love's Destiny.* I also enjoyed the tuneful serenity of Maurice Besley's setting of *The Meaning of a Rose*, Armstrong Gibb's *Juliette Anne*, the words of which are by Mordaunt Currie, and Raymond Loughborough's *A Song in the Night*, a workmanlike setting to words supplied by Chas. G. Mortimer. This song, it should be noted, has a violin obbligato.

LELAND J. BERRY.

GRAMOPHONE SURPRISES

October was a real gramophone month, and saw unusual activities in the concert world; in England an imposing number of orchestral concerts were planned to be conducted by such notable personalities as Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Henry Wood and Sir Hamilton Harty. There is a new recording by Sir Henry conducting Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto. This was given by Sir Henry on September 7th, and in view of the fact that Bach has drawn bigger attendances than any other composer to the "Proms" during the last two years, the record will obviously be much in demand. Sir Hamilton Harty, just returned from fresh triumphs at the Hollywood Bowl, U. S. A., provides a splendid record of Berlioz s *Carnaval Romain.*

Mozart lovers will delight in Miss Harriet Cohen's new Columbia recording of the Mozart Piano *Sonata* in C major this month. According to the signature on the original manuscript of this sonata, Mozart must have been under 15 years of age when he wrote it. Its composition however, has been ascribed to a later period . . . about 1779! Those views apart, the composition must be judged by its intrinsic value rather than by an exaggerated sense of wonder at the composer's youthfulness. The scholarly performance by Miss Harriet Cohen justifies her high reputation as one of the finest living pianists.

A link with the Russia of pre-Revolution days is formed by the Don Cossack Choir record, announced in the Columbia October list. The actual item is Gretchaninoff's lovely *Responsory II*, and, if we may accept the conventional definition of the term, it was probably part of a psalm sung between the reading of the scriptures in the one-time Russian church service. A powerful soloist intones the words in a passionate manner, the rest of the choir filling in a sombre background; after a time, and, with devotional fervour, the whole *ensemble* bursts into a thrilling, tremendous climax that is literally marvellous. Coupled with this is *In the Forest*, and here the falsetto and bass voices are heard to unique effect, suggesting at times instrumental accompaniment, and at others a curious "waving," as of branches swaying in the wind. As with the other Don Cossack discs, this is unaccompanied, and not only provides a truly phenomenal recording, but further proof, if proof be needed, that the Don Cossacks are the finest concerted vocal combination in the world. (DX 374).

* * *

The thousands, who have wished for a recording of Kiping's great *Recessional* (*Lest we Forget*), will find their desire well-gratified by a new Columbia record of this remarkable work—so well—known in connection with national memorial services. It is the familiar Blanchard setting that is used and the singers are the mighty B. B. C. National Chorus. The record has another value, too, for it brings

also a recording of Monk's *Abide with Me*—again a familiar song in memorial services that rises to a new height of achievement. It contains a dramatic moment, when, during the third verse, there falls a surprising hush, the voices almost dying down to a whisper. This suspense is maintained until within a few lines from the end, when voices, band and organ swell out in a terrific *finale*, the sheer magnificence of which silences description. (Dx 372).

* * *

Among music, which has not lost a whit of its freshness and popularity, since it was first produced, is Sir Edward German's *Nell Gwyn Dances*, specially composed for Anthony Hope's play at the Prince of Wale's in 1900, and the subject of Sir Dan Godfrey and the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra's latest Columbia record. Everybody knows the "Dances" the cheerful, bustling "Country Dance," the sweet, graceful "Pastoral Dance" and the spirited "Merrymakers' Dance"—they are superbly played and recorded in the Bournemouth Pavilion — and on the fourth side is Tschaiknowsky's *Chanson Triste*. (DB 905-06).

* * *

It is good to welcome so distinguished a violinist as Albert Sammons, back on records. In every profession, great men pay tribute to their equally great contemporaries ; so we find Albert Sammons playing Kreisler's fragrant little *Liebesleid* on a 10-inch Columbia this month. Many, who have heard Sammons during the "Proms" season in London, just concluded, have remarked upon his matured style, his extraordinary beauty of tone and impeccable phrasing. These qualities are self-evident in both the *Liebesleid* and Dvorak's *Songs My Mother Taught Me*, which is on the companion side. (DB 911).

LELAND J. BERRY.

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

A Teachers's Dreams:—By N. K. Venkateswaran.

Love for humanity beams through all Mr. Venkateswaran's books, as is to be expected from one who dedicates his works on his chosen profession "to all who love children." In *The Dreams of a Teacher*, he makes a vigorous attack on the modern educational system which throws children "into the jaws of a machine, to be munched as the machine likes," and puts up a powerful plea for them to be given more freedom and scope for their individuality.

Here he pleads also for more freedom for the schoolmaster, in whom "lies the sublime duty of evangelising future generations to the gospel of peace and goodwill, and he will do it if his hands are not tied."

Glimpses of Travancore:—By N. K. Venkateswaran.

To judge how good a story-teller Mr. Venkateswaran is, one must turn to his wholly delightful *Glimpses of Travancore*, which has absolutely nothing of the Baedeker about it. In these pages, fact and history mingle with the most marvellous tales, such as those of the great magician Kaipuzha Tampan, in a most readable blend.

The Times Illustrated Weekly.

Rajasthan.

We are indebted to Mr. S. G. Hayaran who took infinite pains to write this Hindi volume of Rajasthan. The work is a stupendous one and throws a flood of light on the past and the present history of Rajasthan—the sacred land of the Rajputs. We are under deep obligation to Mr. Rishabh Charan Jain, Proprietor, The Sahitya Mandal, Bazaar Sita Ram, Delhi, for his

splendid services to the world of Hindi literature by publishing such an important book;

Vilashahari

Vilashahari is the Malayalam rendering of the famous Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. It was Edward FitzGerald who translated the Rubaiyat into English in the 19th century.

Mr. G. Sankara Kurup is a well-known poet of Malabar and he deserves the admiration and gratitude of the Malayalis for the yeoman task of translating this most difficult and delicate work into Malayalam poetry. The printing and get-up of the book leave noth·ng to be desired. Vilashahari can be had for As. 8 from the Mangalodayam Press, Trichur.

Princely India.

A Woman's Guide to Money Matters:— By Roy Hopkins; Ivor Nicholson & Watson, Ltd.6/ net.

Modern conditions force women to take an interest in money matters. Although—despite some brilliant exceptions—finance in the abstract does not appeal to the feminine mind, yet a widow suddenly called upon to pick and choose betwen investments, a single worker anxious to provide for her future, a married woman involved in financial transactions—these all feel the need of a safe and understandable introduction to money matters.

Such a guide Mr. Hopkins seeks to provide. He explains how a woman may make use to the full of the facilities of modern banking, how a stockbroker can best help her, how to read the financial page of the daily paper. He deals with house and money matters, touches on problems of rent and rates, insurance, building societies, investments, the foreign exchange.

Written as simply as possible, the volume is in every way accurate and reliable: each section of the book has been revised by an eminent authority in the particular subject with which it deals,—*Leland J. Berry.*

Ships of Youth. A Study of Marriage in Modern India. By Maud Diver. *Crown 8vo. 563 pages.* 7/6 *net.*

"I cannot conceive anybody doing it more successfully or more brilliantly. For the accuracy of her picture, stay-at-home critics must accept Mrs Diver's guarantee, which I for one have no hesitation in doing; it accords only too well with what other experienced observers, as opposed to the sentimental idealism of dreamers and visionaries, have told us. But, apart from its truth, Mrs Diver deserves full marks for the vivid, picturesque and convincing fashion in which she has depicted the Indian scene. The book is a long one, but I cannot immagine any reader complaining of its length."—*Queen.*

A Book on China and Japan.—*By* Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, *Author of "My Russian Venture." Illustrated.* 8s. 6*d. net.*

What is happening in China? Is she really disintegrating? What are the reactions of the peasants to modern industry and machinery? What is the outlook on life of the average Chinese woman of 1932? Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, finding that nobody can answer these vital questions and that no up-to-date popular book on China has recently appeared, determined to go herself and discover the truth. She sailed for China in the early summer, intending to contrast the North of China with the South, to journey across country and down the Yang-tse-Kiang, and everywhere to wander among ordinary people. Afterwards she proposed to cross to Japan and conduct a similar inquiry.

Leland J. Berry.

The Dalton Plan. By C. W. Kimmins and Bellie Rennie. Messrs Ivor Nicholson & Watson (6/-)

This book, written by two stalwart pioneers of the new method in education, does more than recount the victories it has won over the old system of herding boys and girls, different in capa-

city and attainment, into a class and stuffing them with facts. It also shows inquirers how the regime of individual work can be inaugurated and the initial difficulties overcome. A good deal of space is devoted to accounts of the experiences of various headmasters, some as far afield as India, who have taken the momentous step of Daltonising their schools. Following on these commendations is an equally interesting series of opinions on the new method collected from the pupils themselves, all of which bear testimony to its excellent effect on their work and well-being.—*Leland J. Berry.*

OUR CINEMA PAGE

HOME AND THE ARTIST

By Sabita Devi

"Life is just what you make it," and an artiste is no exception to the rule.

If on the excuse of "temperament" one chooses to be ultra-modern, and do the most extraordinary things, it is not surprising then that the world in general looks with disfavour on the actress. They may enjoy her films, and appreciate her screen abilities, the 'fans' may even desire to be like their heroine, but there are many who would not dream of associating with the actress herself because of age-old conventions and prejudices the world over against the profession as a whole. In India, particularly, we have tremendous difficulties and drawbacks to hinder us in the great calling of art, and though unfortunately there are some players who, living in a mad whirl of social gaiety, are responsible for getting the film line a bad reputation; on the contrary there are also artistes who prefer the simple life and the simpler amusements, and are all the happier for them. Under these latter circumstances why must we be thought any different to our fellow creatures? We do not pose away from the camera, because artistes are not artistes in their native surroundings, but merely very ordinary human beings. There are many who do not know how trying are the rehearsals and strenuous play of emotions, in the ordeal of blazing sunlight and reflector or arc lamps. After tiring hours at the studio, I look to home for rest and diversion. Here I am happy with my books and poetry, music, singing and dancing, in the midst of my parents, sisters and brother, sewing, working on the "daily rourd, the common task", till the morrow dawns and I leave with my mother for the studio once more. I love my work and simple pleasures, and I want to go on making good pictures, as a true artiste, *not* actress, because we do not act in our daily lives, and because we are just as human and sincere as anybody else.

(By the courtesy of *Sound & Shadow.*)

NEWS AND NOTES

(SELECTED)

Pledging of Child Labour

Among the many evils that exist in unregulated factories in India, one of the gravest is the conditions under which children are made to work. Children are found particularly suitable for work in certain industries, such as wool-cleaning, *bidi* making, carpet-weaving, tanning and many others. It is difficult to control the unregulated factories by the application of the Factories Act and no other way has been found for a close and effective check upon the small factories, which do not employ a large number of workers or use power machinery. The Labour Commission found these evils, in a settled form: "Unsuitability or the dilapidated nature of the type of building used, the absence of adequate sanitation, poor lighting, defective ventilation, overcrowding, long hours—and above all—a preponderance in certain cases of the labour of under-age children, *i. e.*, children well below the regulation age for such workers in factories coming under the Factories Act." The worst feature however is the system whereby parents contract for the labour of their children at so many rupees per month, the duration of the contract being determined by the repayment of the loan. This system exists in the carpet industry in Amritsar, some of the textile mills of Ahmedabad and also in Madras. While recommending several measures for the regulation of child labour, the Whitley Commission urged that the pledging of children's labour must be stopped immediately. The Government of India have accordingly initiated legislation in the Legislative Assembly for this purpose and were prepared to pass it in the present sessions but the bill has been referred to a select Committee. The Bill seeks to impose fines, not exceeding Rs. 50, on parties to agreements pledging the labour of children and on persons knowingly employing children whose labour has been pledged. Ignorant and impecunious parents will be hard to control, but by penalising employers the required check may be maintained.

—*Guardian*

Progress of Social Legislation in Baroda

The Baroda state is well known for being the pioneer in India in social legislation under the enlightened rule of His Highness Maharaja Sayajirao Gaekwad. So early as in 1904, it made primary education not only free but also compulsory: and it had the boldness to take the earliest steps by legislation to prevent infant-marriages in its territory, which forms a major part of Gujarat proper.

The Baroda Infant Marriage Prevention Act of 1904 had its good effect in educating public opinion and in gradually raising the marriageable age of boys and girls. But twenty-five years' experience of its working having showed that further and more drastic legislation was necessary, the old Act was amended by Act No. 23 of Samvat 1985 (A.D. 1929), which forestalled the recent legislation in British India known as the Sarda Act; in respect of the age limit, however, this Act goes further than the Baroda legislation.

A further amendment raising the marriageable age of girls to 14 and of boys to 18 has been made to bring the Baroda Act in conformity with the British-Indian legislation on the subject. Not only have child-marriages disappeared from among the educated and upper class Hindus, but inter-marriages between different sub-castes have now become common; they are viewed with

sympathy rather than opposition, and are condoned by the imposition of a small fine without excommunication. There have also been a few cases, in which even the caste-restriction is set aside, and girls of Nagar Brahmana or Brahma Kshatri castes have been married to young men of the Bania or Kayastha castes.

The re-marriage of widows has become a question of social necessity in Gujarat. Neither His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwad, to whom social reform owes much for its advancement, nor the British Government, can make widow-marriage compulsory, as desired by these people; both have made it permissive by passing Widow-remarriage Acts. Under the provisions of these Acts, any woman, who has become a widow may remarry, with the consent of her guardian, if she is under 16. Such a remarriage is no bar to her acquiring rights of inheritance as a widow or mother in her new husband's family.

Under Hindu Law, marriage, being a sacrament and a civil contract, cannot be revoked.

His Highness Maharaja Sayajirao Gaekwad recently passed a Divorce Act (Act 22 of 1931), which gives all Hindus, domiciled in Baroda State, whatever may be their caste, the liberty to dissolve their marriage, if there are certain circumstances as laid down in the Act to justify it.—*Stri-Dharma*.

Petition on the Nationality of Married Women.

The following petition has been addressed by the *Nationality of Married Women Pass the Bill* Committee to the Conference of the British and Dominion Governments of the British Commonwealth of Nations at Ottawa, Canada, July 1932. It has been signed by 120 societies in the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Irish Free State and the British Crown Colonies, and represents their unanimous opinion:

1. That at the Assembly of the League of Nations held in Geneva in September, 1931, in the face of the forty-eight States there represented, the British Government, through its delegate, Dame Edith Lyttelton, made the following declaration of policy on the nationality of married women:

"The British Government considers that it is right that all disabilities of married women in matters of nationality should be removed and that in so far as nationality is concerned a married woman should be in the same position as a man, married or unmarried or any single woman."

2. That the present laws within the British Commonwealth of Nations are not in accordance with this policy of justice, inasmuch as under them a married woman is classed with minors and lunatics as under a disability: she is denied the right to her own independent nationality since in general her nationality is made to depend on that of her husband.

3. That it is desirable that the Laws of Nationality in the British Commonwealth of Nations should be brought into line with this policy of justice.

The International Women's News.

A "Children's Hotel" in Berlin.

The first "children's hotel" in Germany has been established in the Berlinerstrasse in Charlottenburg, at the edge of the Tiergarten. A kindergarten existed already in the house, but it was desired to make it possible for parents to leave their children there for one or more nights in cases of emergency. A number of rooms have therefore been adapted for that purpose, so that Berlin parents who are moving, who wish to to take a vacation without their children, or who must for some other reason entrust them to the care of others, can now leave them in this children's hotel. Parents visiting Berlin can also entrust their children to the hotel, and can have them brought from the railway station or from any hotel to this novel institution, which is in charge of an association headed by Anna von Gierke,

the well-known children's welfare worker. The charge per child is only 3 to 5 marks a day.

'Victory Over Darkness'

Helen Keller the most wonderful woman in the world, made in London a plea for peace that never will be forgotten by those who heard it. It was the most wonderful speech of its kind ever heard in London.

She is blind and deaf. Yes, and when she was a child, in America, she was also dumb !

But, after years and years of effort, as was explained to us from the platform, she can now just make herself understood.

She is a Bachelor of Arts! She translates Spanish and French and German, and she can speak all those languages a little, says a writer in the *Daily Herald.*

Each sentence was repeated, after her, in case the women could not understand.

"We women can build up a world of beauty and humanity,' she said, if we do not let profiteers and captalists plunge us into another war. Let us go about it earnestly. . . .

"Our pressing need is a peace formula that means something It must be short—the words, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

"We can, not only teach our children the ideals of peace, but we can refuse to take part in any war preparation. Let us turn our backs on the blood-soaked paths by which we have come. By this alone can our way be lighted along the roadway of the future."

Russian Creches.

Circumstances, as well as a deliberately-directed policy, have now made Russia the most advanced exponent of the creche system in the world, declares J. M. S. in *The Manchester Guardian.* The system owes its adoption throughout that country to the twofold fact of the emancipation of the Russian woman and the shortage of labour of all kinds, causing her to undertake every kind of work possible, whether she is married or single. A babies' and young children's creche is now an established department of every Russian factory.

The creches are clean, light and airy, and are divided into several rooms, playrooms, dining-rooms, and cot-rooms, with rows of shining, painted wooden cots supplied with ample clean bedding.

The Leningrad creche serves a perfume factory, a tobacco factory, and others in the same district and has accommodation for 115 children. Mothers on the morning shift bring their babies at 6–30 to 7 a. m. and collect them again at 5 p. m. to take them home.

Those on the afternoon shift bring the infants at noon; those on the night shift leave their children all night and the next day (while the mother sleeps); some stay for about three days until the mother is back again on the day turn. The average time a child spends each day at the nursery is ten hours, thus giving its mother a little rest after her working day of, usually, 7 hours.

The Dowager Maharani of Cooch Behar.

On the motion of the Deputy Mayor, Mr. S. M. Yakub, the Calcutta Corporation adopted to-day a resolution *re* the death of Suniti Devi, the Dowager Maharani of Cooch Behar, "who for nearly half a century took a prominent part in all movements for the social, intellectual and religious advancement of the people of the country and who used the gifts with which she was endowed by God for the good of her people and community." Leaders of all parties associated themselves with the resolution.

The Mayor, Dr. B. C. Roy, said that all her acts had been done in secret and almost the last act of her

life was to create a trust and appoint a Board of Trustees by which she bequeathed the whole of her property in Calcutta for the purpose of perpetuating a school, founded by her father in 1871, and now known as the Victoria College for Girls.—A.S.

A Free Press message from London says that Miss Cornelia Sorabji, who has been engaged in doing a little unofficial propaganda against India in England, made an astonishing attack on the position of women in India at a meeting of the Royal Empire Society.

She declared that civic sense was almost absent among the women of India and that they had no real acquaintance with the machinery borrowed from the West. They had no real knowledge of their own racial difficulties and inhibitions and no training in political careers.

A letter received from London by a member of the Assembly states.

"For two hours this woman poured out ridicule upon Hindu society. Muslims, for obvious reasons, she left out. When this had proceeded for sometime, there arose from the audience a woman friend of India, Miss Gwynneth Forden, who rebuked Miss Cornelia for this ridicule of a race with an ancient culture.

"Miss Forden faced hisses, but insisted on telling Miss Cornelia to go back to her motherland and help her noble brothers and sisters, to carry on their good work for their country."

The Mysore Ladies' Conference.

Lady Mirza presided at the 7th session of the Mysore State Ladies' Conference. In the course of her address, she said:

"During the short period our organisation has been in existence, we can, without undue vanity, take credit for considerable achievement. Our purpose, as in the case of the All-India organisation, is to stir thought, to give expression to the collective opinion of thinking women on the needs of Indian womanhood at the present time, and to press upon the public and Government the necessity for action along the lines of a well thought-out programme for improvement of the condition of women in the land. In this task we have met with considerable success, not only in our own State, but all over India. The claims of women's education have been recognised as of paramount importance, and the opinion has been expressed authoritatively that in all schemes of educational expansion, priority should be given to the education of girls.

A place has been found, or will be found, for women on all important political bodies,—though in our State the Legislative Council is yet incomplete in that respect, and we know the very considerable part played by the women delegates at the Round Table Conference. Social legislation to improve the position of women has been undertaken both in the State and outside; I refer to the legislation to improve the property rights of women and to stamp out the stigma of immoral traffic. More than any specific measures, there is a gratifying recognition that women have an important role to play in the public life of the community, and that their activities should not be circumscribed by the four walls of the home.

It will not do for us to rest contented with our achievements in the past, for important and strenuous work lies ahead of us. I shall mention only a few items in the programme in order to give a definiteness of purpose to our endeavours in the coming years. The first and foremost need of the situation is an extensive programme of Primary Education.

The number of High Schools for girls is not very large nor is their distribution calculated to encourage girls to proceed from the Middle Schools to the High Schools; for, not every parent is able or willing to send his daughter to Mysore or Bangalore. It must be, therefore, our objective to see that a High School for girls is established at every District Headquarters, and adequate Hostel facilities are attached

to each High School for the convenience of girls coming from the mofussil.

Let me say a few words about the social position of women generally. It is not good for society that the vast amount of latent talent and capacity for service in women should lie unemployed and go to waste. While we should continue to press for a larger place for women in the ranks of public service and the professions, let us also evolve a programme for Adult Education and an extensive scheme for Child and Maternity Welfare, and insist that in these departments scope should be found for the employment of women, who shall be trained for the purpose."

The Andhra Women's Conference.

The 6th Andhra Provincial Women's Conference met on the 13th of November at Rajamundry. In the course of her Presidential address, Dr. A. Lakshmidevi said:

"India is now endeavouring to get her due place in the comity of Nations. This is the time when the women of India have to realise their equal responsibility along with their brothers for laying the foundations of a future happy India. Very soon the All-India Women's Conference in its sessions at Lucknow is going to decide the programme of our work. We are met here to make recommendations to that Conference.

Our first duty is to ascertain our *dharma* in the matter of the removal of untouchability which is now engaging the attention of all Indians.

Women must agitate to gain equal economic rights and electoral rights with men. The laws must be amended so as to confer full rights over property in women."

Then the President referred to the Sarda Act and said that on grounds of health it was harmful to a woman to bear children before she was twenty. It was therefore necessary to form Vigilance Committees to take steps against violation of the provisions of the Sarda Act. She also appealed for the removal of the institution of concubinage.

Regarding the question of divorce she said that there were differences as to the need and utility of legislation. Legislation permitting divorce would not make women immoral. Divorce was wanted by women, so that women might have the same rights as man and so that a woman might have deliverance from a cruel and brutal husband.

The President then pleaded for suitable reforms in the system of education given to girls—so that they might be fitted for their special purposes in after life; speaking about adult education on public matters and matters of hygiene and child welfare, she said that Women's Conferences and Standing Committees must see to the establisment of child-welfare homes, centres and homes for advice and relief in maternity cases, and a maternity fund to render help to working women.

A resolution was passed requesting the Andhra University to open a college for women to encourage higher education, to admit more female students into the Medical College and to grant scholarships to girl students studying for medicine; requesting school authorities to provide playgrounds and to construct school buildings having good ventilation; and asking Government to give free and compulsory education both to boys and girls.

Regarding Social Reform, the Conference passed resolutions exhorting women to abolish purdah, and parents to celebrate widow-remarriage.

FROM

THE SECRETARY,

The Women & Children Welfare League,

ROSHANPURA, **DELHI.**

THE EDITOR,

"The Indian Ladies' Magazine",

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Dear Sir,—We shall be highly obliged by your very kindly publishing the following brief note in the columns of your esteemed paper.

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